

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada East & Newfoundland

The SALVATION ARMY

William Booth
Founder

International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

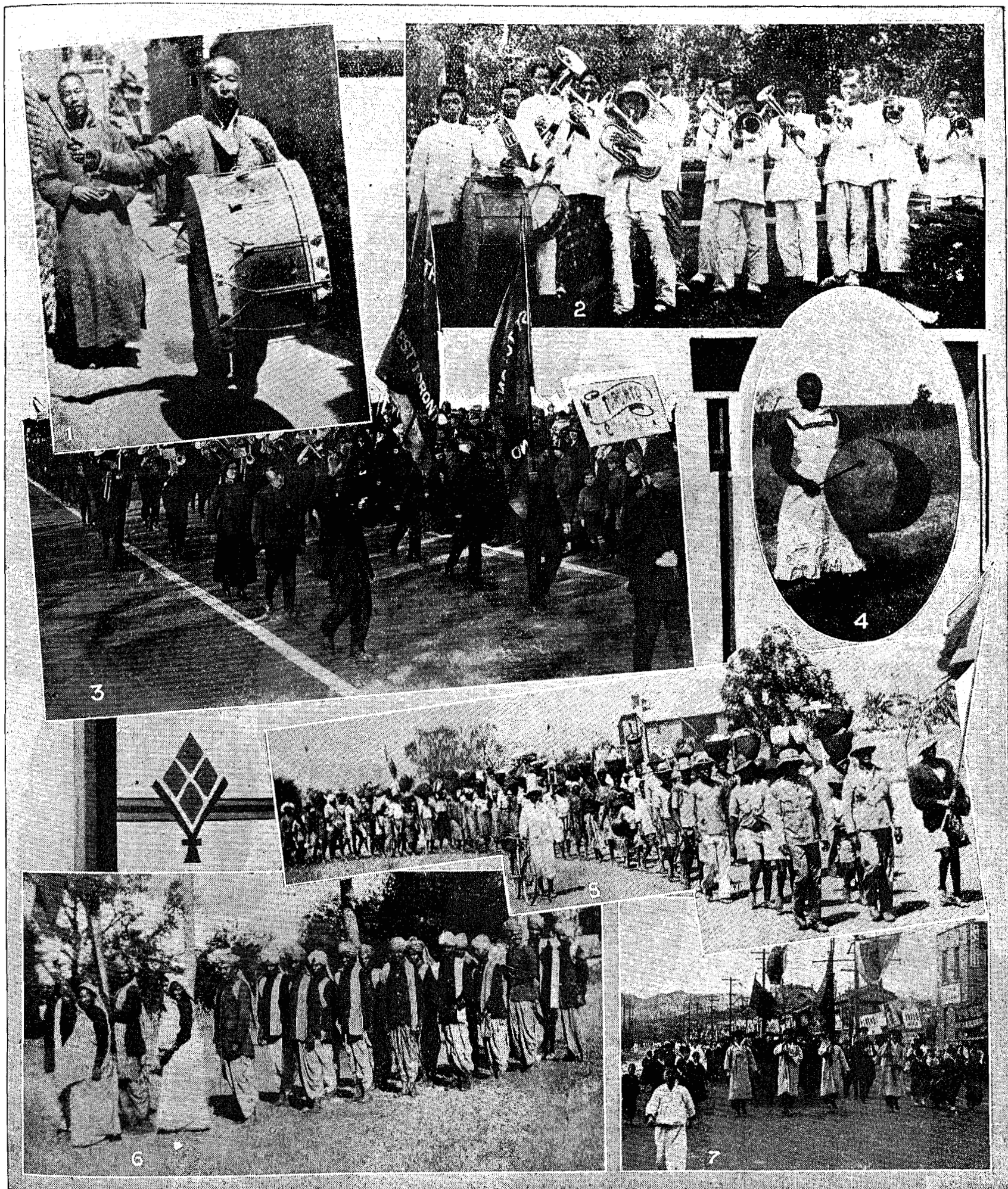
Edward J. Higgins
General

No. 2429 Price Five Cents

TORONTO 2, MAY 9, 1931

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

KEEP THE ARMY MARCHING ROUND THE WORLD!



1, Chinese drummer on joyful duty; 2, Leper Band in Army Colony, Java; 3, Canadian Corps on the march; 4, Calling 'em to the meeting, South Africa; 5, Mashonas coming in to the Annual Congress; 6, Smiling and singing in India; 7, A Korean procession

Motherhood

Thou shalt have grace where glory is forgot;
The love all luminous in the world's last night,
Thy children's arms shall be thy necklace bright,
And all love's roses clamber to thy cot.
And if a storm one steadfast star should blot
From thy pure heaven, God's angels shall relight
The lamps for thee, and make the darkness white;
The lilies of His love shall be thy lot!

He shall give all His angels charge of thee;
Thy coming and thy going shall be known.
Their steps shall shine before thee radiant,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.
The cross still stands. Who shall that love condemn
Whose mother-lips kissed Christ at Bethlehem?
—Frank L. Stanton.

Words with Mother

About the Children



WHEN we would set before mankind the perfection of care, give the best expression of tenderness, present the sweetest illustration of gentleness, and give the truest example of forgiveness — we speak of

Motherhood. Better than to shine socially and have the world acclaim you great is just to be "Mother." But if you are inconsistent, impatient, neglectful, irritable, critical and indifferent, then your power is gone.

If you would hold your children you have only to remember:

Your name.—It has never lost its sweetness when rightly spoken.

Your influence.—It holds when every other uplifting thing is forgotten.

Your voice.—It is more thrilling than that of the most noted singers in the world.

Your hands.—They are never so calloused by toil or wrinkled by age as to lose their tender touch.

Your presence.—It hushes the sob, dries the tear, drives back the fever, sometimes defeats death; and remembering—live up to these ideals and there is no child so young and none so old but that the memory of such a mother holds when the night is darkest, the day is longest, and the influence toward evil most terrific.

Remember that you cannot be all that a mother should be without you have Him in your life, who had blessed mothers since He first came into the world. He is Jesus, the Son of God.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

OUR STACCATO SERIAL

The Story of Naaman Told in Picture and Text



No. 4—"I Will Send a Letter"

AND the king of Syria said, "Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel." And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

SELF-DENIAL and the MULTITUDE

In so far as we can make Jesus a living part of the "average man's" life to-day will He continue to influence the affairs of earth

WHAT is the spiritual significance of Self-Denial? Salvationists have grown accustomed to associating the term with our very necessary annual appeal to secure funds for the extension of our work; but this is only one expression of that noble quality.

Self-Denial, according to the teaching of Jesus, should be a fundamental trait in the lives of His followers. "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." As the late Dean Farrar pointed out, many years ago, these words "have taught us forever that the essence of all highest duty, the meaning of all truest life—alike the most acceptable service to God, and the most ennobling example to man—is involved in the law of self-sacrifice."

Self-Denial cannot exist without a motive. It is the product of a passion. Who has not heard of those selfless spirits who, for the sake of science or discovery, forsake companionships and comforts that they might accomplish the passion of their mind!

Christ denied Himself for the sake of—the multitude! Not the disciples alone, nor His mother, nor those of His immediate circle, but the multitude—"the common herd." In this He manifested His ineffable wisdom. In some respects the crowd was unappreciative, to be sure. And He had to accommodate Himself to its limited understanding. But He realized that there was no hope of saving the world unless the "average man" could be reached. To how many strata of society did the ethics of, say, Plato, permeate? Merely the elite! Therefore Plato, in his failure to reach the common mind, failed in the same degree, to affect the tide of events.

In so far as we can make Jesus a living part of the "average man's" life to-day will He continue to influence the affairs of earth. The duty of the Church is to make His beneficent spirit an ever-expanding force in the world.

"When He saw the multitude He had compassion on them." Are we afire with the same self-sacrificing compassion?

Denial of self transforms the mind. It frees it from egotism, removing the centre of things from our own little circle to the masses whose good we

seek. It invites disagreeabilities in order to cure them; is even willing to surrender rights if it perceives that others will be benefited thereby. "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend," said Paul, "I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

In the light of all this, and many more transforming effects, of which we have no space to write, the soul-elevating character of Self-Denial will become apparent. It involves a renewing of the mind, an approach to God-likeness in compassion, a changing "into the same image from glory to glory."

And best of all the life of self-denying service brings response from the multitude! It may be long-delayed; we may not even witness it; but it will come. Holy influence is a strange and radiant energy. Energy never dies.—Dextor Le Drew.

WHY PRAY FOR MISSIONARY WORK?

Brigadier Elizabeth Mann (R) Tells Why We Should Make the Missionary Work the Object of Special Prayer

AFTER a term of service on one of The Army's missionary battle-fields, the Adjutant left for a few months' Homeland furlough, full of gratitude that her work, long apparently fruitless, had at last yielded a rich harvest of souls for the Saviour.

Calling upon Mrs. Potts, with whom she had "Soldiered" in by-gone days, the Adjutant found this highly-respected comrade quite enthusiastic. "I felt sure God would bless you," she said; "two years ago I commenced praying for you regularly, because I heard something of your hard fight."

"Two years ago!" exclaimed the Adjutant. "Why, that was the very time things began to improve."

"Praise God, prayer indeed changes things. I have been greatly stimulated, of late, by the example of a friend, now unfit, by reason of ill health, for much active service, who spends a specified time daily, interceding with God for various missionary battle-fields and for particular comrades in the thick of the fray. She has specified days for each. She believes that, in this way, she is exerting an even wider influence than were she engaged in full-time work for souls."

"Do ask her to put me on her prayer-list," pleaded the Adjutant. "Many people have only a faint conception of the peculiar difficulties encountered by Missionary Officers—the loneliness and isolation, the lack of spiritual help, the prevailing darkness and superstition which tests faith to the utmost, not to mention such minor trials as hot and often enervating climate, mosquitoes and other insect pests, the difficulty of sleeping in the intense heat, and a strange language demanding diligent study. Then, until the people among whom one labors become converted they often misunderstand the Missionary Officer, attributing even his devoted service to selfish motives. And further, after they are converted, their minds are usually so dark that unstinted, patient toil is needed to make clear to them what is involved in following Jesus Christ. Truly the grace of God is needed in abundance. But prayer is an important means of victory. And in this, even those who are, for some reason, away from the actual battle-field can all have a share."

Mrs. Potts listened with the keenest interest, then she urged, "Before you go back do come and tell me all you can about your work. I find that praying makes me want to know more, so by enquiry and reading, I am trying to learn everything possible about those still in darkness and about the efforts that are being made to win them."

The Adjutant promised to call again before long; then the two sought the Throne of God together.

As she shook hands the Adjutant urged: "Keep on praying, Mrs. Potts, then when you reach the Gloryland you will certainly meet many who, though quite unknown to you, were, by your prayers, brought to a true knowledge of the Saviour, and that will, I am sure, fill you with unalloyed rejoicing."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

GOD made mothers before He made ministers; the progress of Christ's Kingdom depends more upon the influence of faithful, wise, and pious mothers than upon any other human agency.

My mother's discipline was loving but thorough. She never bribed me to good conduct with sugar plums; she praised every commendable deed heartily, for she held that an ounce of honest praise is often worth more than many pounds of punishment.—Theodore Cuyler.

Daily Meditations

SUNDAY

Scripture reading: Ephesians 1:1-14.

A thought for the day:

Thou, while thy babies around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing

A woman may be made.—Wordsworth.

Let us sing Song No. 853.

MONDAY

Scripture reading: Ephesians 1:15-23.

A thought for the day:

If we are to create a world order based on justice and love, those values must reign in our own lives. The world crisis can only be met by a change in the very heart of each one of us.—Basil Mathews.

Let us sing Song No. 499.

TUESDAY

Scripture reading: Ephesians 2:1-10.

A thought for the day:

The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities.—Ruskin.

Let us sing Song No. 344.

WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: Ephesians 2:11-22.

A thought for the day:

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.—Gibbon.

Let us sing Song No. 899.

THURSDAY

Scripture reading: Ephesians 3:1-13.

A thought for the day:

I love not a sophisticated truth with an alloy of lie in it.—Dryden.

Let us sing Song No. 383.

FRIDAY

Scripture reading: Ephesians 3:14-21.

A thought for the day:

There never was a miracle wrought by God to convert an atheist, because the light of nature might have led him to confess a God.—Bacon.

Let us sing Song No. 165.

SATURDAY

Scripture reading: Ephesians 4:1-16.

A thought for the day:

What conscience dictates to be done,

Or warns me not to do,

This, teach me more than hell to shun,

That, more than Heaven to pursue.—Pope.

Let us sing Song No. 988.

DO THE PEOPLE OF THE MISSIONARY LANDS UNDERSTAND AND APPRECIATE THE SACRIFICES WHICH ARE MADE ON THEIR BEHALF?

THEY CALLED HER THEIR "WHITE ANGEL"

Fearlessly she faced appalling danger, tirelessly she labored to save the people in body and soul, and when she fell, after all-too-brief service, they paid royal tribute in her honor

HAVE the people for whom Army Officers make such devoted sacrifices due appreciation of the nobility of the work which is done on their behalf? It is an old question, but the opportunity which it affords us for effective reply cannot be ignored — nay, we are only too ready to give adequate illustration in proof of the

ly, and went on with her self-sacrifice—to the end. It was a quick one.

Young, bright, busy, tirelessly so, the Captain won the confidence of the authorities and the doctors, while the affection of the people to whom she ministered was manifested in an amazing variety of ways, and most by those who seemed to have nothing human or loving remaining

consulted she would doubtless have said, "I'm not concerned at all." But the Mohammedan Chiefs of the district rose up against the law, as soon as they realized that they had lost their "White Angel." The story of her devotion was well-known to them through the people.

"Let this woman be buried as befits a holy one," said they. "She was a saint; she was a martyr; she was an ornament to all religion!" So they prevailed upon the authorities to waive the demands of the law, and the daughter of Australia, and of The Salvation Army, was lovingly wrapped about in palm-leaves, with choicest perfumes, and laid in a coffin. Javanese people carried the casket to the cemetery, according to the girl Salvationist a "royal burial," for the mass of color worn by those participating indicated the rank of the one about to be interred.

remembrance. Between these rows the Chiefs, in rotation of place and rank, came carrying armfuls of flowers with which they prepared the grave for the reception of the casket and its precious occupant.

Doors Opened Wide

Every available Army honor was paid during the burial service, following which the Javanese made speeches, eulogising the Captain's noble life. They could not do more.

Following that faithful life of service, doors of opportunity were thrown wide to The Army throughout the country. Say the Mohammedans, "A people whose deeds are so good cannot bring a bad message!"

Oh, yes, they appreciate the work that goes forward at the hands of The Salvationists, in the name of Christ. But does not this same activity say something to you? To some the mystic call sounds. But as to those to whom it does—they are nearly always poor and unknown, for not many great appear to be chosen—how shall they go unless another sends them? The Self-Denial Appeal offers a means whereby something of this kind of thing may be advanced.

If you cannot take active part in the noble and sacrificial work performed by such devoted spirits as the "White Angel" and the sixty Canada East Army Missionary Officers, you can

HELP BY HELPING THE SELF-DENIAL FUND

fact that the people do understand and they pay tribute, too.

Following six months' service in a little Javanese town, an Australian woman-Captain had been promoted to Glory, as we put it in The Army. But what a promotion! There were 200 to 300 native folks, stricken with the most terrible of infectious disease, and with no one to care for them.

"They must not be left like this," said the Captain. "Let me do something!" The Officer under whose direction she labored was reluctant to allow her to take the awful risk, so she appealed to the Territorial Headquarters, and, at last, permission was forthcoming.

A large building, composed of leaves and mats attached to the frame of the structure, was erected, and a staff of native assistants provided. Doctors were engaged, and The Army Captain placed in charge. The infection of the hospital itself, its full quota of patients assembled, was shocking to contemplate.

"Stay me, would you?" She challenged one who pleaded with the Captain, that the risk was positively appalling. "Don't you realize that the life lived by all the people in this section of the town leaves one to marvel not that walking death stalks abroad openly, but that there are any people left for it to kill! Yes, I know that it may kill me, but I am not worried!"

"Just so," they replied. "You carry on as if you had a hundred lives, and a thousand years before you. But we fear for you!"

"Only pray for me, that my courage fail not," she answered, smiling—

TAKE TIME TO PRAY

*Take time to pray; take time to pray:
Commune with God alone each day.
Time spent in prayer is not in vain,
But brings the soul the richest gain,
We spend much time in things of earth,*

*Which often prove of little worth;
And thus amid our toil and care
We give but little time to prayer.*

*Take time to pray; take time to pray:
With prayer begin and end the day,
And through the busy hours that fly,
Take time to speak with God on high.
Far better leave some task undone,
And lose the gain that might be won,
Than spend the hours in toil or play
And find not time to watch and pray.*

*Take time to pray; take time to pray:
Draw nigh to God while yet you may.
The years speed onward like the stream;*

*Then, oh, the precious time redeem.
Through ceaseless turmoil, rush and strife,
Give prayer the first place in your life.
Pray earnestly, pray everywhere,
And God will surely answer prayer.*

—P. N. Esnouf.

in their sin-stained and tortured hearts and bodies. They called her their White Angel.

Only six months! To the fearful onlookers it seemed like six years. And when black small-pox arrived, one grim night, the waning forces of the Captain's overtaxed frame took up a losing battle. The law in Java has it that those who succumb to small-pox must be buried close to the place where they die. If the Captain's wishes could have been

Affectionate Tributes

Long rows of servants, facing each other, and bearing trays filled with the heavily-scented, camellia-like "Death Flower" of Java, formed the living avenue, at the back of which massed thousands of the people stood to pay tribute of affectionate

"Entrusted by the Indian Government with the oversight of thirty villages in the jungle, he was medicine man, food purveyor, spiritual adviser and arbitrator."

Representative of Sixty Canada East Missionary Officers

A Successful Contractor, George Cowan ran three miles to find Salvation in Ottawa, and has since seen fifteen years' devoted service in India

HAVING already given fifteen years to India, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cowan once again turn their faces with eagerness toward the land of their adoption, following their furlough in this country.



Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cowan

It is this tireless devotion to the needs of the world that has ever been the crowning glory of Christianity, right from the day that Paul ventured daringly into Europe with the Gospel.

The Staff-Captain is an Ottawa product. Prior to his conversion he was a successful contractor, but when a conviction that he needed God seized his soul, he ran three miles to an Army Hall to find Salvation. Such impetuous enthusiasm has since, under the control of the Holy Spirit, proved an invaluable asset.

At once the young convert determined to become an Army Officer,

gave up his business with all its prospects, and offered himself for the work. His evangelism was a proved reality even before he entered the ranks. One of his chums, whom he won for Christ, is now a Canadian Government explorer in the north country—and he takes the Master with him wherever he goes!

George Cowan was the first of a family of nine to commence active service for Jesus. To-day, one sister is working amongst the Copper Eskimos of the North, the first woman missionary to these people; another is also a missionary, in northern Canada, and a brother is helping to win Africa's millions for the Kingdom. A missionary family in very truth!

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cowan discover infinite joy in their labor—even in the midst of sorrow. This is a paradox common everywhere to the Christian experience; and something that many people cannot fathom. They wonder to see a poignant sorrow and a glorious exultation existing together.

A few years ago, when the Staff-Captain and his wife were in the Gujerati country, a fearful flood devastated the land. Seventy thousand homes were washed away. That meant added work—day and night, week in and week out. To add to the difficulty of things, their baby became ill.

On the very morning of the day that the two older children had to take the special-rate train for their school in the North, the little one passed away. With heart near broken, the father got a small coffin, and placed the body in it, and the family of four knelt and prayed. After that the children were taken to the train, and good-byes were said. They would not be back for six months. The parents turned again to their silent, deserted home, and the task of burying the little one that God had seen fit to give them for

a short while. Then they resumed their work, gladly watching young lives develop under their gracious influence and instruction, and old, wrinkled faces brighten to hear their words of cheer and hope! . . . There is an infinitely greater nobility in this Christian attitude, than in the immobility of the stoic.

The government of India entrusted the Staff-Captain with the oversight of thirty villages on one occasion—thirty thickly-populated oases of humanity in the midst of an impenetrable jungle. He was medicine man, food purveyor, spiritual adviser, arbitrator; in fact he had to be all things to all men, according to their needs. What healing and blessing were scattered in his train!

There was a serious scarcity of food at the time. One of the Staff-Captain's assistants, a native Officer, had nothing but onions in his storehouse. When the people clamored at his door he could only go to the onion bin, cut up the vegetabes, cook them and distribute them amongst the famished families. They were profoundly grateful, though, for onions meant the difference between life and death with them!

Mrs. Cowan is a devoted mother and help-mate, who has shared in the Staff-Captain's work, sacrificing gladly, finding compensation in the glory of bringing Christ to dark hearts and minds. She is an English Officer, who, like her husband, has given her heart to India. Their children were born in the great Dependency, so there is a miniature League of Nations in their little home.

As these comrades with their two little ones return to the land of teeming multitudes, with its pressing need at this time of a revitalizing faith in God and Christ, our prayers and faith will go with them. Let us not forget them, and the thousands of devoted spirits whom they represent, now the Self-Denial call for practical sympathy is sounded forth.



TARGET SMASHED! Souls Saved!

[By Wire]

WESTVILLE (Captain Page, Lieutenant Williams) — We know this news will be of interest to you. Westville Self-Denial Target smashed to smithereens! A glorious success! Two seekers won last Sunday.—G. Page.

AN OCTET WEEK-END

THIRTY-FIVE Officers from neighboring Corps convened in Guelph (Adjutant Bird, Ensign Hart) recently for an Officers' Council, led by Brigadier Macdonald, assisted by Mrs. Macdonald, Commandant and Mrs. Galway, and Staff-Captain Henderson.

A public meeting was held in the evening, following an Open-air.

Last week-end the London I Male Octet, accompanied by Ensign Brewer, paid their first visit to the Corps. On Saturday they presented a program, over which Field-Major Mercer (R) presided.

The Sunday services were of great interest as well. In the afternoon a lengthy program, under the chairmanship of ex-Alderman Mahoney, who spoke in eulogistic terms of The Army's work, was presented by the Octet. One of the items was "The Hallelujah Chorus."

AN EMBRYO BAND

PARRY SOUND (Captain Pearo, Lieutenant Peacock) — We have just finished our three months special Campaign with very gratifying results, there being a substantial increase in both Young People's and Senior work. On the evening of the final service, three Senior and five Junior Soldiers were added to the Roll. The embryo Band, also a product of the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, which is composed of twelve pieces, made their initial appearance, causing quite a stir. We hope to commission these comrades in the near future. There has been a steady increase in attendance and on last Sunday evening our Hall was almost taxed to capacity.

The Easter services were conducted by Adjutant Bridge, of Toronto.

CONVERTS TAKING STAND

NORTH SYDNEY (Ensign and Mrs. Everitt) — Two services were held on Good Friday. The evening event took the form of an Easter program, when Young People and workers took part. On Sunday we started at 7 a.m. with knee-drill and an early-morning march.

On Thursday Staff-Captain Wilson visited us. Our recent converts are taking their stand bravely.

NEWCASTLE (Captain Jardine, Lieutenant Mason) — A well-arranged Easter program was put on by this Corps on Monday evening. The Rev. J. C. Jardine presided.

He Rushed through the Streets

To Army Hall, Where He Found Salvation

HAMILTON IV (Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson) — The week-end meetings were all well attended. There were five souls at the Mercy-seat on Sunday night. One man, who was a backslider ever since the War, living several miles from the Citadel, was sitting at home reading the paper, when suddenly throwing down the paper, he yielded to his daughter, who urged him to "Come to No. IV," where she had been on several occasions.

He rushed from the house just as he was, wearing his house-slippers; he was under such

mighty conviction that he did not dare to stop to change them. He was the first of five to make his way to the Mercy-seat, where he cried before God. He said he had been to many other places of worship but no one had taken any interest in him. He had been out of jail just two weeks, where he had served a term of four weeks for drunkenness. We are praying that he will remain steadfast.

On Monday night the Young People's Corps rendered a very pleasing program, which was greatly appreciated.—Ear.

SUBSCRIBERS WEEK-END

WYCHWOOD (Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey) — The Sunday services were conducted by the Officers of the Subscribers Department, led by Staff-Captain Snowden. God came very near in the Holiness meeting. The singing, testimonies, and talks given by the visitors, were a blessing to the comrades.

The afternoon service took the form of a Musical. The Young People's Singing Company, and Songsters took part. Ensign Ashby taught us a chorus composed by Adjutant Ashby in West Africa. Commandant Blackburn's remarks were an inspiration to all.

The evening service took the form of a Memorial to Sister Mrs. Hastings, who was laid to rest a few days ago. Sister Mrs. Titmarsh soloed, and the Band played "Promoted to Glory." Band-Sergeant Dean spoke very fittingly concerning the departed one, as did Commandant Blackburn and Field-Major Urquhart. At the close one seeker surrendered.

RECORD CROWD

DARTMOUTH (Captain and Mrs. Tilley) — The Easter Sunday services were well attended. During the evening service the picture of Christ was thrown on the screen, while Captain Tilley delivered the address. The congregation was a record one for a Sunday night.

One seeker knelt at the Mercy-seat in Thursday's meeting.

CORPS CADET PRAYS IN CROWDED POOL-ROOM

TIMMINS (Captain and Mrs. Ford) — Recently one of our Corps Cadets, who sells "The War Cry" regularly in a number of large pool-rooms, felt she should speak to the men gathered there about spiritual matters.

One night she went to the largest of these places, where a number of men of different nationalities were gathered together. The phonograph was playing, so the Cadet asked one of the men to turn it off, which he did, wondering what was coming next. Then the lassie spoke to the men of the love of God, and then went down on her knees and prayed for them. Who can tell what may result from this act?—Dee

MINERS LISTEN TO ARMY In Open-Air Gathering

KIRKLAND LAKE (Captain Homewood, Lieutenant Gray) — On Friday we were privileged to have Major Owen with us. We have no Hall, so it was necessary to hold an Open-air. A large crowd of seventy-five miners gathered on both sides of the street. All were eager to hear the story of the Cross. We believe that the effect of this Open-air will be lasting.—M.

DISPENSING CHEER

SHERBROOKE (Ensign and Mrs. Hempstead) — On Easter Week-end we had with us Captains Vey and Chandler. The Saturday night Open-air and meeting was led by Captain Chandler. Captain Vey was the leader of the Sunday morning Holiness meeting, and Captain Chandler gave the address in the Salvation meeting, and also led the prayer-meeting. One hand was raised for prayer.

Easter Sunday morning the Band helped to brighten those within the Protestant and Catholic Hospitals. Reports from these institutions say our visits were very much appreciated. We also had with us two comrades from Verdun.

Last week-end one of our Young People's Bandlads was enrolled as a Senior Soldier.—E.T.C.

MAN SAVED

COCHRANE (Captain Pedersen, Lieutenant Pickett) — Major Owen, our Divisional Commander, was with us for the week-end. This was a time of much blessing as the Major's messages, both in the Open-air and inside meetings, were of inspiration, one man coming voluntarily to the Mercy-seat at the night meeting.—C.P.

PRAYERS ANSWERED

WESTVILLE (Captain Page, Lieutenant Williams) — We have had wonderful answers to prayer. Officers and Soldiers are gathering at an early hour on Sundays to pray. Last Sunday a young woman sought Christ.—S. M. Chisholm.

SELF-DENIAL LAUNCHED

A mass meeting was held in the Capitol Theatre, Niagara Falls, on a recent Sunday evening, in the interests of the Self-Denial Effort. Staff-Captain Hurd, financial representative for the Hamilton Division, gave a lecture on "The Helping Hand" which revealed in an interesting fashion, to the large crowd present, the scope of Army work.

His Worship Mayor C. F. Swayze presided, supported by representative ministers and aldermen of the city. High tribute was paid to The Army's work by various speakers. Rev. E. T. Newton recommended Hugh Redwood's book, "God in the Slums," to the congregation.

SOLDIERS ENROLLED

GRAVENHURST (Captain and Mrs. Grant) — Recently Major Owen, our Divisional Commander, was with us for a week-end and enrolled three Senior Soldiers. The cottage meetings, which were held during the Campaign, have proved a splendid success. A number of seekers came to the Cross.

On Easter week-end we had our former Officer, Captain Bullough, with us. The meetings were well attended. Three sought the Saviour. The Captain dedicated the infant son of Brother and Sister Harbridge. One Sister was enrolled.

On Easter Monday night the Captain conducted a "story meeting" which was a source of blessing to all, and two seekers sought the Master.

Several comrades from Toronto and Weston were with us on Monday night.—G.G.

EARLY MARCHERS

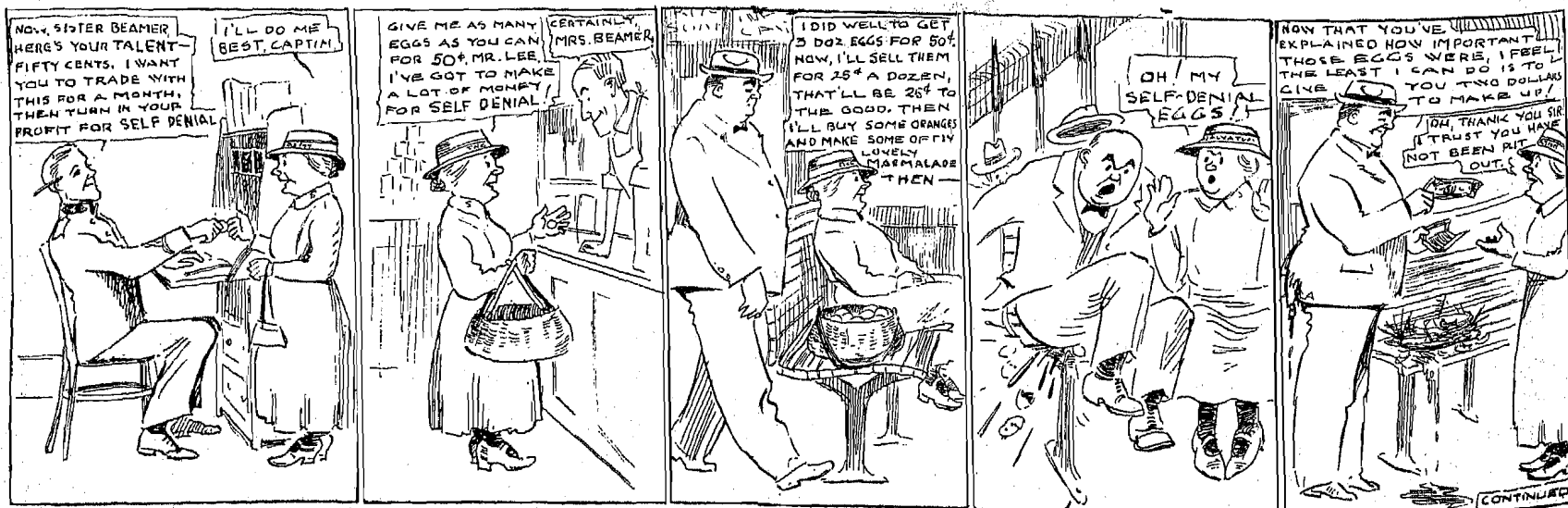
HAMILTON V (Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson) — We commenced Easter Sunday with a 7 o'clock Knee-drill, and an early march which was well attended. Brigadier Hawkins led the Holiness meeting, which was a time of blessing and upliftment.

At night a special service was presented in which various comrades, with the Band and Songsters, took part.

On Monday evening a large crowd attended a special demonstration.—E.F.

Sister Beamer finds scrambled eggs are most profitable!

A Self-Denial picture Story by
Ensign Herbert Wood, Toronto



35 GLORIOUS YEARS

Anniversary Campaign in Japan
Has Most Gratifying Outcome
—Notable Converts

THE thirty-fifth Anniversary Campaign in Japan promises well. During the first three months encouraging news has been received at Territorial Headquarters, especially regarding new Soldiers and recruits. At a united gathering in Tokyo, 125 were sworn-in. Nine hundred and twenty-three new Soldiers have been secured throughout the Territory.

The Chief Secretary toured Kyushu and Chugoku Divisions. At Miyazaki 1,200 packed the City Hall, and there were eighteen seekers. At Okayama there were nine seekers. Regarding these, a letter from the Chief Secretary says:

"Seven of the nine converts have become recruits. Brother Okamoto (who was on his way to commit suicide, but came to the meeting) is thoroughly converted. With changed heart and mind, he is not only earning his own living, but working hard for the Corps. He wears full uniform, and testifies in practically every meeting.

"Another notable conversion that night was that of a married man, 30 years old, of middle school education, but a drunkard. Several times he has been in the police station for petty crimes. Just before conversion he had fought with, and injured, a policeman, for which he was locked up for nineteen days. On his way home from the lock-up, accompanied by his wife and sister, he entered our Hall, heard the message of Salvation and came to the Penitent-form. Then his wife and sister got converted. All have become recruits, holding cottage meetings in their home, weekly. Since then, the man's parents have got converted, being enrolled as recruits.

HOME BECOMES HALL Special Venture on Behalf of Gujarati People

A lady in Colaba District of Bombay, a prominent Christian worker, recently asked if The Army could conduct a weekly meeting at her house for Gujarati people of the neighborhood. This is being done. Most of the people who attend are without previous knowledge of Christianity, the very terms used in songs needing to be explained to them. It is hoped to win many for Jesus.



Inmates of The Salvation Army Girls' Home, Peiping, China, where there are seventy-six girls rescued from famine or flood conditions, or the most extreme poverty

Policeman, sent to keep order, finds Salvation

An Interesting Story of an Awakening at Valmiera, in Latvia

VALMIERA was one of the hardest Corps in Latvia. This may have caused Captain Gorski to have some fears regarding the outcome of the special Campaign which he had been asked to conduct there. Evidently his leaders thought he could do something for God in the place—though it was only too well-known that more than one Officer had worked hard without seeing any result.

His very first move was to call upon God for strength and wisdom. Then with his mind cleared and exalted by the uplifting breezes that blow in places of Heavenly communion, he set out to plan to secure vic-

tory for the Kingdom of God and The Army in Valmiera.

Captain Gorski had not always been a Salvationist. In fact his acquaintance with The Army was limited to a few years. When the Salvationists first came to his home town of Yelgava, which was also their initial point of attack in Latvia, he thought them a strange fraternity of fanatics indeed. It so happened that he was a Sergeant in the police force at the time, and several times he was detailed to keep order at Army meetings. It was on one such occasion that he found Salvation, which led to his becoming an Officer.

One of Captain Gorski's ventures

while in Valmiera was to hold a special meeting for young men. His experience in police work had accustomed him to dealing with men of every type.

The event, to take place on a Sunday afternoon, was well-announced. Gorski approached the day with a little fear in his heart, however, so many plans had failed in the past. But to his great pleasure a large crowd attended the meeting; though he was grieved in spirit, for he could persuade no one to make a public acknowledgment of Jesus.

But all his disappointment was cast to the winds in the night pulpit meeting, for in a wonderful way "break" came, and sixteen people knelt at the Mercy-seat—fifteen of them being young men. Victory come!

Another similar gathering followed, when an even larger crowd gathered, and seven more men accepted Christ.

Whilst the gathering was in progress a stalwart policeman, who was there to keep order, strode from the back of the Hall and knelt at the Mercy-seat.

Judge the Captain's surprise when upon rising from his knees, the policeman grasped his hand and called him by name. Then at he recognized in the convert a friend of his police days at Yelgava!

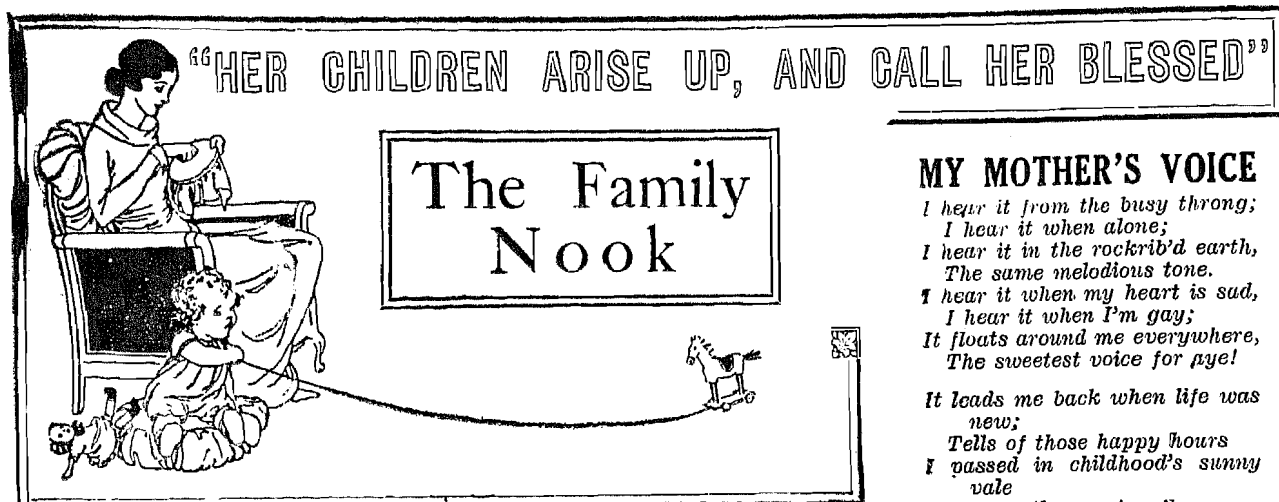
There was great rejoicing in Captain Gorski's heart that night, thought of his own conversion, of the police officer's conversion, of the glory that had come his way simply through following the way of duty.

Ever since this wonderful manifestation of God's power in Valmiera the Work has advanced. When Captain Rudomina of the Territorial Headquarters visited the Corps weeks ago, he brought back news that the fire was still burning and sixteen more converts had been made—mostly young men.

Efforts are now being made to establish a clinic for pre-natal treatment at the Mother's and Home in Brussels, which is doing splendid work in the city and has received warm commendation from the authorities.



A dinner party for maid-servants given at The Army's Women's Home at Hiroo, Azabu, Japan



A HEROINE OF FAITH

AMONG the records of Scotland's heroes of faith, nothing is more impressive or affecting than the desperate way in which persecuted men and women clung with both hands to the golden hope enshrined in the majestic Word of God. It was in a Scottish kirk that Macaulay discovered its splendor; but even Macaulay failed to see in it all that they saw.

It was a beautiful May morning when Major Windram rode into Wigton with his soldiers, and demanded the surrender of two women who had been convicted of attending a conventicle. One of them was Margaret Wilson, a fair young girl of eighteen. She was condemned to be lashed to a stake at low tide in such a way that the rising tide would slowly overwhelm her. In hope of shaking her fidelity, and saving her life, it was ordained that her companion should be fastened to a stake a little farther out. "It may be," said her persecutors, "that, as Mistress Margaret watches the waves

go over the widow before her, she will relent. They little knew the heroic depths of the girl's nature.

The ruse failed, of course, and had the opposite effect. When Margaret saw the fortitude with which the elder woman yielded her soul to the incoming tide, she began to sing a paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm, and their comrades on the beach took up the strain. The soldiers angrily silenced them, and Margaret's mother, rushing into the waters, begged her to save her life, by making the declaration the authorities desired. But, tantalized and tormented, she never flinched; and, as the waves lapped her face she was heard to repeat, again and again, the triumphant words: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"NOTHING TO BE SO MUCH THANKFUL FOR"

Thomas Carlyle Adds His Meed of Praise to Motherhood

IT HAS lately come to light that forty years ago Thomas Carlyle had a sister living in Halton County, Ontario, about eight miles north of Oakville. Mrs. Hanning—Janet, or "wee Janie"—received many letters from her distinguished brother, which later found their way into the possession of other relatives.

Like most famous men he had a reverent appreciation of his indebtedness to his mother and his stern, uncompromising disposition was often melted to overflowing tenderness when he thought of her.

Just before his mother's death, he wrote, in 1853, in this strain:

Dear old mother, weak and sick and dear to me, while I live in God's creation, what a day has this been in my solitary thought; for, except a few words to Jane, I have not spoken to any one, nor, indeed, hardly seen any one, it being dusk and dark before I went out—a dim, silent Sabbath day, the sky foggy, dark with damp, and a universal stillness the consequence, and it is this day gone fifty-eight years that I was born. And my poor mother! Well, we are all in God's hands. Surely God is good. . . . There is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for as for the mother I had. That is a truth which I know well, and perhaps this day again it may be some comfort to you.

Is the reader away from home and mother? Sit down now and write a letter which will cheer her heart and cause her to realize afresh that you are thinking of her in a special sense on this Mother's Day.

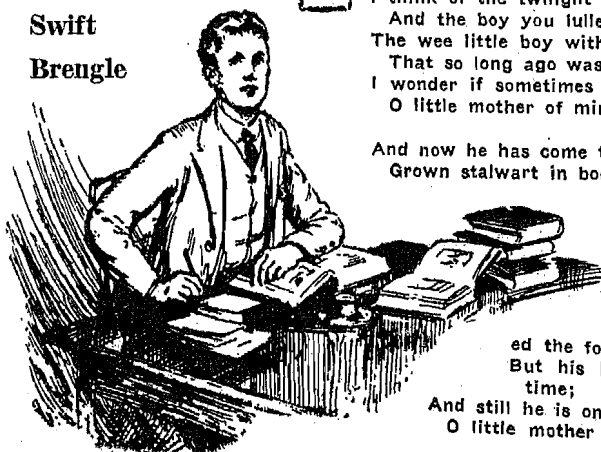
A UNIVERSAL APPEAL

MOTHER'S DAY is universal in its appeal. A great many of our anniversaries are sectional in this regard. Dominion Day, for example, has little interest outside of Canada. But in Mother's Day we have an institution that should appeal to peoples of every nation; Christian, Jew, Mohammedan and pagan may conscientiously participate in an event that is built around the home and the devotion of mother. For in that name is typified all that is holy, noble and refined.

Jesus Himself sets forth a great example to us in this regard. Even when on the Cross, in the midst of His great sorrow and suffering, He thought of His beloved mother, and tenderly appointed her to the Apostle John's care. Let us thank God for the precious gift of Mother.—Charles Sim, Captain.

O Little Mother of Mine!

By
George
Swift
Brenkle



Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour,
When the shadows creep from the west,
I think of the twilight songs you sang
And the boy you lulled to rest—
The wee little boy with tousled head
That so long ago was thine.
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,
O little mother of mine?

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body and strong,
And you'd hardly
know that he was
the lad
Whom you lulled
with your slumber-song.
The years have altered
ed the form and the life,
But his heart is unchanged by
time;
And still he is only thy boy as of old,
O little mother of mine!

MY MOTHER'S VOICE

*I hear it from the busy throng;
I hear it when alone;
I hear it in the rockrib'd earth,
The same melodious tone.
I hear it when my heart is sad,
I hear it when I'm gay;
It floats around me everywhere,
The sweetest voice for aye!*

*It leads me back when life was
new;
Tells of those happy hours
I passed in childhood's sunny
vale
Among the opening flowers.
Talks to me of my mountain
home,
That home of homes to me,
Engraven on my heart of
hearts,
Forever there to be.*

*The music of this voice I hear
Above the world's rough roar,
Like whispers from another
sphere,
Some calm Elysian shore;
Sweet harp-notes from the lyre
of Time,
Around me and within,
They gush with conquering
ecstasy,
To lure my soul from sin.
—John Harris.*

My Mother:

By a Grateful Son

TO many the memory of Mother is as the faint aroma of fragrant lilies on a still night. To me that fragrance is ever-present, for my mother, although in the evening of life, is with me still. I never cease to praise the Father above for preserving her.

True, her eyes lack the lustre which once shone from them; she tires more easily now—but one would scarcely realize it at times, so indomitable is her spirit; her hair, once so dark and glossy, is silvered; the lines about her eyes are yearly becoming more marked. But my love for you changes not, mother 'o mine!

How the memories of you crowd upon me as I write. I recall those earlier years when we boys loved to share our chocolate bars with you; we knew the kind you liked best. Then there were the seasons when we were less tractable and when you indulged in the simple expedient of threatening to run away. Birch rod were never more effective than that!

young minds than a motherless home—nor was our youthful logic far astray.

I think of your sacrifices; it were futile to attempt to catalogue them. I can only inadequately utter—"God bless you for them all!"

You taught me to love the Bible. Even now I delight to pore over that tattered volume of yours with its pencil-markings and marginal references which only you can decipher. How you must adore the Psalms!

How could I help but learn that kindness is one of the sweetest ties which bind mankind, when I have seen you, again and again, gathering together the cast-off clothing about the house and sending it to our Jim, the struggling son with the large family. Then there are the grandchildren which are constantly becoming more numerous, but you remember them all at Christmas, no matter how slim your purse—and it has been slim at times. Yes, you have taught me the beauty of kindness.

I thank God for your Salvationism. It was not confined to theorizing; you left that aspect of it to those more gifted in such things; the practical expression of this quality was more in your line. Why, as a young fellow, I simply marvelled at the jobs you undertook—Cradle Roll Sergeant, "War Cry" boomer, Company Guard, Songster. You seemed to find it so hard to refuse the Officer who was at his wits' end in getting Locals. Now I am an Officer I can appreciate your spirit the better. You took your stand in the Open-air, when wisdom bade you remain at home; but the voice of duty was the stronger.

As I tried to follow in your footsteps my mind could not clearly grasp that grand experience of Sanctification for which I craved. You lived it—and that was enough.

Words—especially written words—are but a poor vehicle with which to convey all you mean to me, Mother, but perhaps God, who knows my heart, will interpret the love and gratitude which this Mother's Day in a special sense evokes. God bless you, Mother!—J.

HOME LEAGUE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS (For May)

TORONTO EAST DIVISION

Bedford Park — Mrs. Major Ritchie, Thurs., 28, 2.30 p.m.
Byng Avenue — Mrs. Field-Major Parsons (R), Wed., 20, 2.30 p.m.
Danforth — Mrs. Staff-Captain Smith, Thurs., 28, 2.30 p.m.
East Toronto — Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Thurs., 14, 2.30 p.m.
Greenwood — Mrs. Adjutant Pollock, Thurs., 28, 2.30 p.m.
Leaside — Mrs. Ensign Keith, Thurs., 21, 2.30 p.m.
North Toronto — Mrs. Ensign Tiffin, Tues., 5, 2.30 p.m.
Parliament Street — Mrs. Brigadier Ritchie, Thurs., 7th, 8.00 p.m.
Riverdale — Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Whitley, Tues., 26, 2.30 p.m.
Rhodes Avenue — Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, Tues., 19, 2.30 p.m.

TORONTO WEST DIVISION

Brock Avenue — Mrs. Ensign Wood, Wed., 20, 2.30 p.m.
Dovercourt — Mrs. Brigadier Burton, Wed., 6, 2.30 p.m.
Earls Court — Adjutant May Bridge, Thurs., 14, 8.00 p.m.
Lissar Street — Mrs. Adjutant Green, Thurs., 21, 2.30 p.m.
Mount Dennis — Mrs. Staff-Captain Snowden, Thurs., 21, 2.30 p.m.
Rowntree — Mrs. Field-Major McRae (R), Wed., 27, 2.30 p.m.
Scarlett Plains — Mrs. Field-Major Campbell (R), Thurs., 7, 2.30 p.m.
Toronto 1 — Mrs. Field-Major McRae (R), Thurs., 7, 8.00 p.m.
Temple Corps — Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Moore (R), Tues., 19, 8.00 p.m.
Wychwood — Mrs. Field-Major Campbell (R), Wed., 13, 2.30 p.m.
Weston — Mrs. Brigadier Burton, Thurs., 28, 2.30 p.m.

"THIS IS MY RENT WEEK!"

There is a Note of Despair in That Remark! Rent Week Would Simply Spell Ruin for Many a Prisoner's Wife and Family Were it not for The Army's Opportune Intervention

MRS. THOMAS resolutely squared her shoulders and inwardly resolved that so long as God gave her strength to stand upon her feet, she would feed and clothe her five little bairns. Even though Tom would be away from her for five years at least, she would not let the home go to pieces.

Her husband, had made a fool of himself. They had given him five years in the "pen" for "robbery while armed." But that was no reason, the wife assured herself again and again, why she should let go of things! She would stick to her God-given task.

There were difficult days to daunt her. She got work, and labored from morning to late afternoon, when she would return to her home, tired in body, often weary in soul, to tidy the house, get the children's supper, do their washing and mending, and the hundred and one chores that most mothers can do during the day-time. Week in and week out, month after month, this went on.

A Hopeless Task

Her earnings were not sufficient to keep things going, however. She wore herself to a skeleton, and yet could not prevent the debt from accumulating. It is no light matter to feed and clothe five romping, growing children!

The landlord was not to be placated by mere promises. He was a business man, and seemingly devoid of heart. She found that out shortly after the first time she went in arrears. There were threats of turning her out. The poor woman was frantic. She didn't care for herself, but the children.

At last in her desperation she pocketed her pride and appealed to

The Salvation Army for help. The following day, Adjutant Roe, a Toronto investigation Officer, visited the home. She found the place spotlessly clean.

When the Adjutant's report was sent in, under the heading, Recommendation of Investigator, was written, "Grant toward rent." And then followed a poignant passage in parenthesis—"Mrs. Thomas has made a brave struggle."

The Adjutant's suggestion was accepted, and Mrs. Thomas' name has been added to the lengthy list of those prisoners' wives who are to-day receiving assistance of one sort or another from The Salvation Army.

An Opportune Visit

When one of the investigation Officers called at a certain home some months ago, she was startled to find all the furniture on the front lawn. The landlord was evicting the mother and little family. Opportune indeed was the Salvationist's arrival. She appeased the landlord, the home was re-established, and since then, with The Army's assistance, matters have progressed very favorably in that household.

As in so many cases where the husband has proved unworthy of wife and children, this mother is a veritable heroine, continuously sacrificing her own comfort and interests for her boys and girls. By a strange coincidence—which Salvationists do not call a coincidence at all, but rather the purposeful working of God—the husband of this woman was recently converted in an Army prison meeting. He is now longing for the time of release, so that he may in some measure atone for the hardships his mis-

behaviour has inflicted upon his family.

"This week is my rent week," wrote one mother, whose husband is also a prisoner. "I won't be able to pay more than half of it, and the landlord gets so angry. I only have what my boy earns, and he has had to get some clothes; he had nothing decent to his back. He was so glad to get those stockings you sent, and asked me to thank you. I have been feeling weak and all in, for I had the flu this winter. I am making suspenders for a firm but I can't get enough to help me very much."

This mother's clouds were dispelled for that month, by The Army. So long as the funds hold out, and she needs the assistance, they will not return! Half-rent allowance per month makes it just possible for her to get along without running into debt.

Scores of incidents of helpfulness in this particular class of activity

WHEN YOU SEE THE BONNET



Remember the
Manifold Reclamatory
Activities it
Represents

Some Extracts from Interesting Papers Read by Young Salvationists at Recent Young People's Councils on

"THE VALUE OF OPEN-AIR FIGHTING"

Unequalled Opportunities

Open-air fighting offers opportunities that are unequalled in the indoor meetings, of taking part in testifying for Christ to the unconverted. In our indoor meetings the numbers of unconverted people that attend are small compared to the crowds who are reached through Open-air services.

—C. C. FAITH SOMERS,
Sandwich.

A Valuable Asset

Open-air fighting never can have a valuation put upon it, for the results are seldom seen. We do know that there is, without a doubt, in Open-air fighting a valuable asset to the work that God has given us to do.

Numberless poor weary souls have been led to God and The Army through the simple words spoken and sung, and by the playing of the Band in the Open-air service.

—BANDSMAN ROBERT McLELLAND,
Riverdale.

Bring Blessing to Participants

We thank God for the opportunity we have of extending His Kingdom in the Open-air meetings. They are of much value to us spiritually. They bring blessing to our souls.

Young converts are helped by Open-air fighting. Some who are especially backward can be asked to give out a song, and then as they gain confidence are encouraged to witness for Christ. Thus not only are sinners often won for our Master, but His children also become bold for His Cause.

—C. C. DOROTHY E. HOWELL,
Long Branch.

Our Saviour's Command

I feel that there is a very special blessing bestowed upon those who take an active part in Open-air work. During our Saviour's three years' ministry, by far the greater part of it was spent in Open-air teaching and

preaching, often to the one and two, as well as to the crowds that followed Him, and His command, to His disciples, was "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." Surely the need was never greater than at the present time. If the people will not come in we must take the message of Salvation to them.

—C. C. ETHEL WHIBLEY,
Hamilton II.

The Army's Cathedral

It has been said that the Open-air is the Army's cathedral, and certainly no people, since the days of John the Baptist, and the preaching of Peter at Pentecost, have so consistently and successfully used the open-air for religious meetings as The Salvation Army. Many of its choicest victories have been won out of doors, and much of its attractiveness is due largely to the courageous manner in which its Open-air operations have been carried on.

Thousands of men and women never enter a church, and the message sent out from the street corner is all they hear of the Gospel. The seed sown in the Open-air rarely falls by the wayside.

—C. C. JOHN VIELE, London

HE NEVER FAILETH

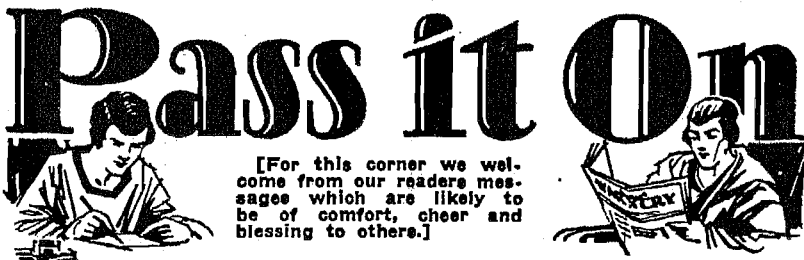
A Canada East Missionar
Officer Gives His Testimon
in Song

Tune: "When It's Springtime in the Rockies"

"I've a friend who never faileth,
He is ever by my side,
Over mountains and through valley
He ever is my Guide.

When my way seems rough and
thorny
I can hear His sweet voice say,
"Fear thou not, for I am with thee,
I'll be with thee all the way."

—Adjutant Arthur Ashby,
Gold Coast.



[For this corner we welcome from our readers messages which are likely to be of comfort, cheer and blessing to others.]

ON BEING "IN THE WAY"

WHILE I was in my first Corps an incident occurred that served greatly to strengthen my belief in the reality of a Divine Hand in my own life.

I had just taken my departure, one Saturday morning, from a hospital in which I had been visiting one of our sick comrades, and was on the point of returning to the Quarters, when I realized I still had time to visit someone else.

I was wondering to which neighborhood I should go when a voice seemed to say to me, "Go to — Street." Then another voice seemed to whisper to me, "Oh! what's the use if you go?"

In spite of any doubts I may have felt, I made my way as quickly as possible to the street to which I had been so strangely directed.

I had arrived at the corner of the street, and was wondering where to commence my visitation when my attention was drawn to a crepe hanging on the door of a house across the road. At the same time I observed a man of forlorn appearance and dejected mien, sitting on the veranda.

Going across, I approached him, gently enquiring as to his relationship with the deceased. In reply he informed me that it was his wife who had died. I asked him whether he would object to me reading and praying with the bereaved ones.

Without saying a word he opened the door, and conducted me into the room in which was lying all that was mortal of his wife. Calling a number of relatives into the room, including the adult members of his immediate family circle, he told them who I was. I read an appropriate passage of Scripture and engaged in prayer on behalf of the bereaved.

Rising from my knees, I saw tears glistening in the eyes of most of those present. With a few additional words of consolation, I took my leave.

As I made my way back to the Quarters, I felt, as never before, that the words of the song we so often sing: "I am guided by Thee," were true in my own experience.

But the evidence that God had guided me that Saturday morning was made even more convincing a few days later when a comrade of the Corps told me that the man to whom God had led me had been embittered towards The Army for years, but that as a result of my timely visit, not only his attitude, but also the attitude of others whom he had influenced, had been changed to friendliness.

"And I, being in the way, the Lord led me." How glad I was to have been "in the way" that morning! — A Probationary Lieutenant.



COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,

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GENERAL ORDERS

SELF-DENIAL, 1931 11

The Annual Week of Self-Denial will be observed in the Canada East Territory from Sunday, May 3rd to Saturday, May 9th.

After Sunday, March 1st, no Demonstration of a financial character (except on behalf of the Self Denial Effort) may take place in any Corps until the Effort is closed, without the consent of Territorial Headquarters.

The completed returns and totals will be declared on Friday, May 22nd.

Officers of all ranks are responsible for seeing this order is observed.

MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday, May 10th, will be observed as Mother's Day throughout the Territory. Every Corps will be expected to conduct services in accordance with the directions issued through the Divisional Commanders.

James Hay
Commissioner.

STAFF CHANGES

In the Territory

The Commissioner intimates the farewell and appointment of the following Staff Officers:

Brigadier Thomas Burton, from the Toronto West Division, to the command of Newfoundland (Chief Division).

Major Chris. Sparks, Trade Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, is appointed to the command of the Windsor Division.

Major Fred Beer, Chief Assistant, Finance Department, is appointed to be Trade Secretary, at the Territorial Headquarters.

Staff-Captain Frank Ham, from the Windsor Division, to the command of the Toronto West Division.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Important Change and Appointment

Owing to the peculiar needs of Newfoundland at the present time, it has been decided that the command shall be described as "Chief Division." This will include much closer oversight direct from Toronto.

Lieut.-Colonel Bladin, who has recently been seriously ill, is under orders to farewell from Newfoundland. After extended rest the Colonel will be taking up the important work of "Spiritual Special" for the Canada East Territory. The Colonel will, without doubt, be warmly welcomed everywhere, and, wherever it may be possible for Mrs. Bladin to accompany him, we are sure they will be greatly used by God.

Brigadier Thomas Burton, at present in command of the Toronto West Division, has been appointed as Divisional Commander for Newfoundland (Chief Division).

Brigadier and Mrs. Burton will proceed to St. John's, Newfoundland, early in June. May God bless them abundantly and give Newfoundland a great outpouring of Salvation.

S IT'S NOT THE DEPTH OF YOUR POCKET **D**
BUT THE DEPTH OF YOUR FEELINGS THAT COUNTS

SUNDAY MORNING HOLINESS MEETINGS

WHERE DOES YOUR CORPS STAND?

A Message from

THE COMMISSIONER

WHAT are our obligations to God in respect to worship, and what is our great need for Holiness of conduct? I have now had an examination made of practically all Corps throughout the Territory; the greater number of the Corps I have actually visited, in recent inspections, accompanied by the Chief Secretary and the Divisional Commander, and I have now afresh examined the conditions prevailing in respect to our Sunday morning meeting, which, as most of us know, is the chief meeting wherein Salvationists wait upon God in loving adoration and worship, and for knowledge of His will.

I wonder if our comrades generally are realizing that there is a great falling away from attendance at the Sunday morning Holiness meeting. It is time all should realize how serious this is becoming throughout even the best churches, and that The Salvation Army is not free from blame in this respect.

If anyone looks closely at the matter he will conclude that it is time for us to recognize that people—whether they are Salvationists or otherwise—should not permit home affairs, family responsibilities, Sunday indulgences, resting at home, radios, visitation of friends—all these and other conditions and temptations, to prevent them attending services and meeting together as God has commanded. If they yield to these they are in great peril of giving contradictory testimony to the world, and giving forth a false light to those around them.

Every Salvation Army Corps should at least register, even when every consideration has been allowed, one half its total membership attending this meeting. There are some elders, and some sickly people, and some through unusual domestic conditions, who cannot attend, but even when distance is considered and all other common hindrances are met, it ought to be possible for quite a large number of our Corps to have 60, 70, and 80% of their total membership present at the Sunday morning service.

How are you doing in this matter? Do you attend? If not, will you attend for example's sake, for your own soul's sake, and for the glory of God and the praise of our great Saviour?

May I appeal to even those who have not commenced the habit of regular attendance at that gathering, and to those who may have attended but have lapsed, seriously to re-arrange matters with a view to renewing the habit of being at every meeting, and will you commence to do so during the month of May and June? It will be a great cheer to your Officers. It will be a great blessing to you.

Go! Sing! Pray! Testify! Worship! And show to the world, and to all who may be concerned, that you believe profoundly in waiting upon God, and in the fellowship of the saints, and in weighing your conduct and needs in the scales of the sanctuary. Show also that you are zealous for the well-being of your Corps, and for the glory of God.

In July we shall publish in "The War Cry" a list showing all Corps that have reached beyond 50% attendance in their Sunday morning meetings; that is, all who have gone on improving and have reached, by the end of June at least, the condition indicated. We shall be delighted to give a list for the encouragement of others and for the glory of God.

LORD STAMFORDHAM

The Passing of a True Friend of All

By the passing of Lord Stamfordham at the age of eighty-one, King George has lost a devoted friend who served him faithfully as Private Secretary for thirty years. The nation at large, too, has suffered a great loss. In a special sense The Army has lost a warm friend.

Many years ago, as Lieutenant Arthur Bigge, Queen Victoria discovered in him those qualities which helped to make him the true friend of all.

Not infrequently Lord Stamfordham had occasion, on His Majesty's behalf, to write to General Bramwell Booth, and, later, to the present General. Whether it was a message for the whole Army or a personal invitation to meet the King at Buckingham Palace, always behind the message could be felt Lord Stamfordham's own kindness of spirit, this, too, notwithstanding that quite natural self-effacement which belonged

LANSING HOME LEAGUE

Receives a Visit From Mrs. Commissioner Hay

On Tuesday afternoon the Lansing Home League was visited by Mrs. Commissioner Hay, who was accompanied by Mrs. Staff-Captain Snowden.

The visit took the form of a Home League spiritual meeting, and blessing and inspiration were received by the members who attended. Mrs. Hay's intimate manner and helpful address, made a strong appeal to all.

At the close of the gathering refreshments were served, bringing to a finish a helpful period of Salvation comradeship.—"Tar."

to the high office he held so well.

One of Lord Stamfordham's confidential duties was to be eyes and ears to His Majesty, bringing to his notice "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." We have reason to believe that in this respect his Lordship did The Army great service.



Captain Moffett, a Canadian Officer stationed in the British West Indies, writes: "I have a lantern, but need slides for it. Will you ask through 'The War Cry' if any one will donate slides for this purpose. The pictures attract the people of our lovely island." If there should be any who can meet the Captain's need, kindly get in touch with him at North Parade and King Streets, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Commandant S. Blackburn (R) 75-year-old veteran Officer, has been giving a hand to the Subscribers Department during Self-Denial. He has done some splendid work—including the giving of a lecture at a large Toronto branch insurance office, which resulted in a really splendid donation from the employees. All honor to our worthy veterans!

A comrade in Pennsylvania would like to exchange the United States Eastern "War Cry" for the Canada East publication. If you are interested in such an exchange, kindly get in touch with The Editor, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

Bandmaster Robert Smith and family, of Montreal II, wish to express their appreciation of the many expressions of sympathy received during their recent bereavement.

A new departure in the Trade Department is that of picture framing. Framed certificates of all kinds—as well as mottoes and Biblical pictures—may be secured at surprisingly low prices. Write the Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, for further information.

Of special interest to Cradle Roll Sergeants and parents are the special frames prepared by the Trade Department, which are adapted to take the four birthday cards which, according to regulation, are sent to each Cradle Roll member. Provision is also made for the picture of the parents.

Mrs. Commandant W. Wiggins, a former Canadian Officer, who entered the Work from Goderich, Ont., and has since served in the United States, passed to her Reward from Kokomo, Ind., a few weeks ago. A number of Salvationist grandchildren are living in Canada and the United States.

City Council's Appreciation Of The Army's Aid in Unemployment Crisis

The Toronto City Council, at a meeting held on April 20th, adopted a resolution, voicing appreciation of The Army's aid to homeless men, in the following terms:

Resolved: That this Council, on behalf of the citizens of Toronto, express to The Salvation Army, through Lieut.-Colonel Sims (the Men's Social Secretary), its sincere appreciation of the assistance given in the relief of the unemployment situation in Toronto during the past winter in housing destitute, homeless men in Augusta Avenue and Sherbourne Street Hostel in co-operation with the Central Bureau of the Civic Unemployment Relief Committee.

Signed—J. W. Somers,
City Clerk.

VICTORY BANNERS

Awarded to "Regions Beyond" Campaign Champions

The general results of the "Regions Beyond" Campaign cannot be described in full in "The War Cry," but every Divisional Commander declares, and hundreds of our Officers have certified, that most gracious and beneficent results have been secured to every aspect of our Work throughout the Canada East Territory. We praise God for all His favor, and take heart for future efforts.

The more specific and definite results, as recorded by statistics, have engaged the very closest attention of the Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, and the Divisional Commanders, and, after weighing up the whole and making a careful scrutiny of many score of Corps that have made excellent advances, it has been decided that the greatest advance recorded in all aspects of Corps work, has been made at Halifax II, Wychwood, and St. Thomas.

The Victory Banners have, therefore, been awarded by the Commissioner to these Corps. We congratulate Halifax II (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender), in recording the highest advance. We equally congratulate Wychwood (Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey), a Corps greatly improved in recent years, on attaining the second position, and St. Thomas (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden), also has our warmest appreciation for reaching third position.

FRESH-AIR FUND

FOR NEEDY CHILDREN

The Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camp, for needy children of Toronto and district, will be opened to receive children at the end of June.

What a great record of work for the needy, and joy for the hearts of children, and gladness and pleasure to mothers is recorded in that glorious Camp at Jackson's Point, Lake Simcoe! And what a splendid result it will be this year if only our friends will come to our aid!

We need three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00) to help us to cover at least part of the cost of this Christ-like and necessary work.

Please send cheques to Commissioner Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

FULL MEANING OF "Go!"

THE COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY, with
Enthusiastic Supporters, Conduct Speedful
Campaign in the Muskoka Region

IF EVER A PARTY of God's servants endeavored to carry out the Master's injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," with special emphasis on the word go, Commissioner and Mrs. Hay, Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, and Staff-Captain Mundy formed that group last week-end, when they visited four Corps in the Muskoka region. Between Toronto and Gravenhurst, a distance of 106 miles, The Army is established at eight different centres—a Hall every thirteen miles—but, no matter how small the village through which they passed, the Commissioner seemed to see the possibility of establishing some form of Army activity.

They arrived at Gravenhurst just as the local comrades, under the leadership of the Divisional Commander, Major Owen, were concluding their Saturday evening street meeting. The Major and Captain Grant appeared to know everybody. Introductions to tradespeople, short chats with one or two local ministers, and a cheery word with several groups of young fellows, all played a part in adding to effective advertising.

Part of the million dollar rain-storm was over Gravenhurst when the "big" Open-air meeting, planned for ten o'clock next morning, had to be abandoned. However, the Commissioner gathered the little band of Soldiers together at The Army Hall, and spoke to them individually. The Directory meeting with the Young People was also attended; it was a great experience for the children to be questioned by a Commissioner. How they listened to the cheery words of the unusual visitors, and joined in Staff-Captain Mundy's song and chorus!

Captain Grant, realizing that The Army Hall—erected to the glory of God, in 1886—would be far too small to accommodate the townspeople who would be pleased to hear the Canada East leaders of The Army, had approached the Rev. W. A. Beacroft, B.A., who graciously placed his church at the disposal of the visitors, and a splendid congregation of the leading people of the town and district occupied the building that morning. Mrs. Commissioner Hay, Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, Major Owen and Staff-Captain Mundy took part. All were strangely moved as the Commissioner, reading from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, spoke of Christ's power as a transforming, rather than a reforming, influence in the world. Forceful argument, illuminating illustration, and practical application brought glory to God and blessing to the thoughtful gathering.

Bracebridge, lying to the north of Gravenhurst, a one-time important lumber centre and later the location of a thriving tannery industry, was reached through driving rain. In the Town Hall the Commissioner spoke of the world-wide activities of The Army—a timely topic on the eve of the Annual Self-Denial Appeal. Mr. Gibbon, M.P., introduced by Major Owen, declared that on many occasions he had been impressed by the practicability and flexibility of Army methods. The Commissioner's words and stories served yet further to deepen that impression. When next the thoughtful people see a small group of Salvationists on the streets of Bracebridge, they will realize that they represent a great and mighty force.

(Continued on page 12)

The Chief Secretary

DOWN EAST

Visits Quebec, Truro and Cape Breton

The Chief Secretary is at present paying a visit to the Maritime Provinces, visiting the Sydney, Halifax and St. John Divisions. In all he is programmed to conduct fourteen Corps meetings as well as to address three Service Clubs and conduct Divisional inspections and Officers' Councils at each Divisional centre.

Last Wednesday was a notable day for the many people in the ancient city of Quebec, who had the privilege of listening to a lecture given by Colonel Dalziel, who called there on his way East. Various churches of the city omitted their ordinary service in order to join in a united gathering at the Baptist Church, so willingly placed at The Army's disposal. A large crowd assembled, the largest yet for such an occasion.

After the singing of an appropriate hymn and prayer offered by the Rev. M. Mathewson of the United Church, the Colonel, who was introduced by the chairman, Rev. A. C. Dixon, of the Baptist Church, delivered his lecture, which was of a most stirring nature, and was very much appreciated by all. The chairman also offered a vote of thanks to the Colonel at the conclusion of the gathering.

A portion of Scripture was read during the evening by the Rev. M. Peppardene of the Anglican Church. The presence of the choir was very much appreciated.

During the day the Chief Secretary inspected the Shelter, the Canteen, and the Metropole, which are all doing such splendid and highly-appreciated work in the city under the direction of Ensign and Mrs. van Room.

AT TRURO

The Chief Secretary, en route to Cape Breton, took advantage of an hour's interval while changing trains at Truro, to greet the local comrades and friends. Colonel Dalziel was met by the Divisional Commander, Brigadier Tilley, who introduced him to an expectant congregation in the Citadel.

Following an expression of thanks for the warmth of the welcome accorded, the Colonel called for a show of hands denoting various lengths of service. Among the number to bear testimony were converts of three months standing to comrades of over thirty years' service.

The value of insignificant things when fully consecrated to God was the theme of the Chief Secretary's inspiring Bible address which was aptly illustrated with impressive incidents. The leaves from the Colonel's "Self-Denial Diary" were most opportune (says Brigadier Tilley) establishing a point of contact calculated to inspire enthusiasm and faith for the success of the local appeal.

AT THE CAPE

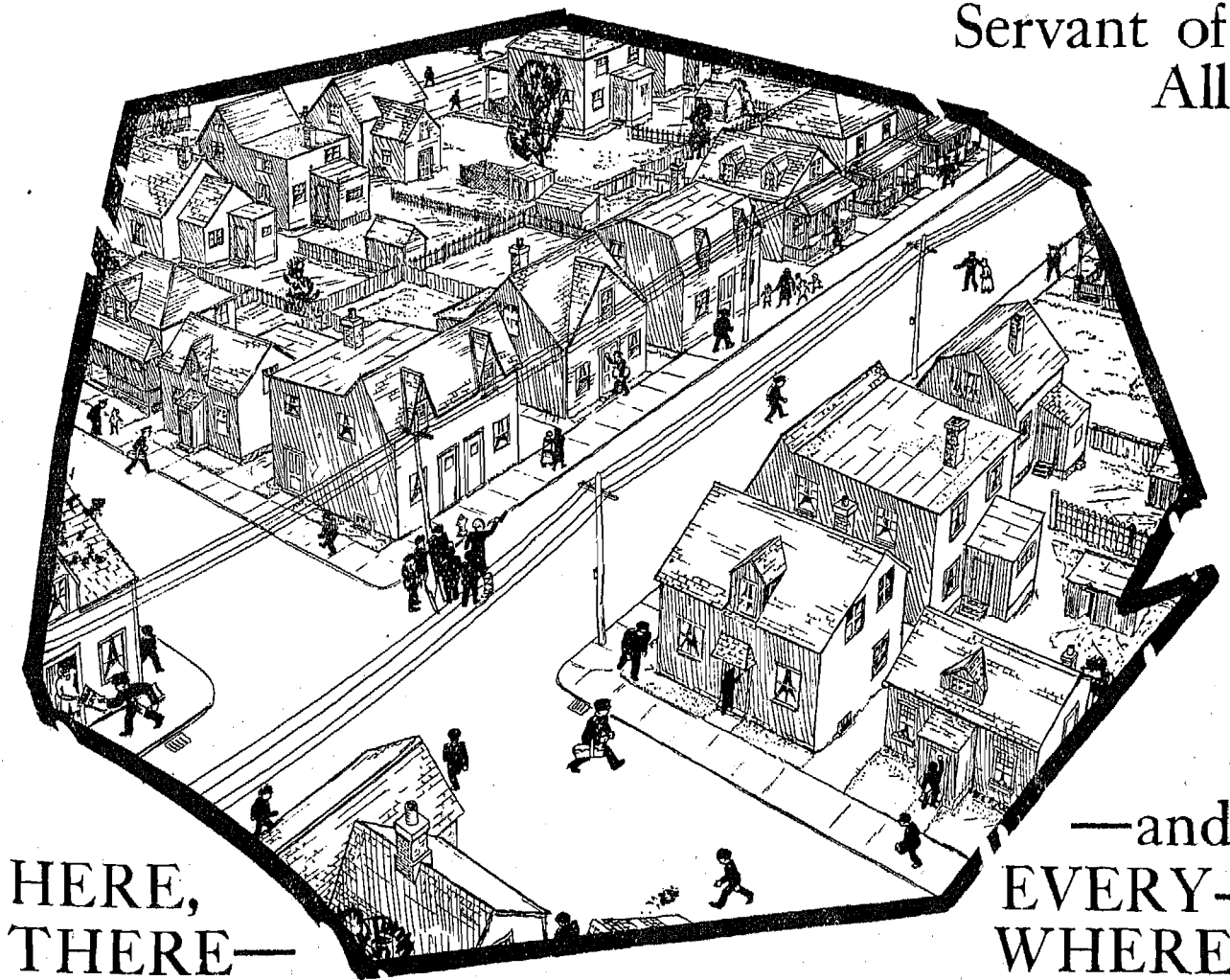
Friday the Chief Secretary reached North Sydney, where he was heartily welcomed by Staff-Captain Wills, the Divisional Commander, and Officers and comrades of North Sydney, Sydney Mines and Florence, had all been keenly anticipating his visit. This was, of course, the initial visit to this Division of the new Chief Secretary, and he was accorded a welcome hearty in the extreme.

A large audience of Salvationists and friends filled the Hall quite early in the evening. The Life-Sa Guard Troops paraded in full uniform and saluted the Chief Secretary at his entrance. Captain Pope with newly-formed Guard Troop Florence Corps was also present. During the meeting the Colonel a ten-minute talk to the young people present, which was much appreciated.

The Colonel's messages proved of inspiration and blessing, and visit will long be remembered by faithful fighters of North Sydney. The Colonel was supported by Captain and Mrs. Wilson.

(Continued on page 12)

The Salvation Army is the
Servant of
All



HERE,
THERE—

—and
EVERYWHERE

A CANADIAN IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA

**Crowded Open-Air Gathering Long After Sunset—The Call of Native Drums—"Locusts!"—
A Black Flying Mass a Mile Long—Along Ribbon-Like Native Paths—Marching with Food
on their Heads—Thrills!—The Chief's Thanks**

A VERY interesting visit was recently paid to Malakisi, Kenya Colony, by the Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, and other Officers, including Adjutant Fairhurst, a former Canada East Officer, who sends the following report:

"Two cars started out early Sunday morning, and by ten o'clock a rousing Open-air was in progress in the township of Naivasha, sixty-five miles away. A few notes on the cornet drew the Africans to the deserted market place, and soon nearly three hundred were sitting on the ground joining in the songs. Very deliberately, one young man left the crowd, and kneeling, gave himself to God.

Open-Air Conversions

"At the promising town of Nakuru, later in the day, a congregation of over six hundred crowded round the Open-air held in the native location. Five men and two women sought the Lord at the conclusion of the great Open-air held later in Eldoret where, long after the sun had set, from five to six hundred people eagerly listened to the Gospel. No Army work is as yet in progress in these centres but it is hoped that in the near future there will be a thriving Army Corps here. Salvationists from Nairobi were met and encouraged, and all the 'War Crys' taken were quickly disposed of, the supply being much less than the demand.

"Malakisi was reached on Tuesday after a long drive through intense heat. At intervals during the afternoon and evening the call of the native drums echoed through the

hills. A cry of "Locusts!" was heard, and away in the distance could be seen a long, black, moving mass, about a mile in length. They settled for the night, and every leaf, twig and tree was completely covered with locusts. Fortunately, they were not in the dangerous stage and proved to be more or less welcome visitors. The Captain prophesied that the comrades would be late the next day because of gathering locusts which the Africans roast and eat as a delicacy. During the night, they were out with all kinds of receptacles gathering in the locusts.

"A welcome meeting took place on Wednesday. Two and three miles away the voices of the approaching companies could be heard. Then they began to arrive in fifties and hundreds, the erect, lithe bodies of the women, with their bare shoulders, marching in perfect rhythm, and though these people have known nothing of The Army save the simple teacher, perhaps a recent recruit or Soldier who is leading them on, they marched and clapped and sang in real stirring Army style. Thus they had come for many miles, marching along the ribbon-like native paths, their food and necessities marvelously balanced on their heads.

A Long Tramp

One recruit brought his little band of sixty-two comrades from Cheptaisi, twenty-two miles away, where he has commenced work; although this place is not as yet recognized as an Outpost. Altogether 457 comrades gathered from the nine Corps and Outposts and took part in the march-

past, marching round the compound with flags flying, drums beating, lustily singing, "Twonane," and "Hakuna kabisa" and other choruses. One used to seeing Salvation Army marches would perhaps have looked askance at this company. Only a few uniforms were to be seen, although the women from Ndakaru Corps were neatly dressed in white frocks, and another party had secured white handkerchiefs for their heads; others were in their flowing native robes. But no one could question their earnest zeal, intense enthusiasm and steadfastness of purpose which was revealed in their very walk and deportment. This was certainly no trivial matter to them, but something of the highest import. Mere words fail to describe the thrill, the sight and songs these simple-hearted, earnest souls brought.

Chief Views March-Past

"Chief Marungu and his assistant were present to view the march-past, and also took their places on the platform. Nearly six hundred managed either to squeeze inside the hall or crowd around the open doors and windows and were thus able to join in the proceedings. The Chief, when called upon to speak, expressed his thanks to The Army for sending Officers to teach his people.

"As the Colonel spoke of the sheep-fold and Christ as the door, fifty-three entered the door of Salvation, many of this number being Masai women whose dark minds are earnestly seeking the light. They had sat on the floor, crowded together, for two and a half hours and given the

closest attention to all that was said. "Much could be said of the early morning prayer-meeting when sixty of the comrades who had remained all night, knelt and sought Holiness; the teachers', locals' and Officers' meetings, and the women's meeting. The lantern services, held outdoors in the moonlight each night, were largely attended. Views of the life of Christ, also the life of the Founder were shown and explained.

Eight Languages

"The final meeting of praise was a time of great rejoicing; testimonies rang with thanksgiving. The singing, particularly of the women, would be hard to beat anywhere for force and fervor. The international spirit of The Army was brought home when 'We shall meet' was sung in everyone's language, and at least eight languages were heard. It is hoped these gatherings will be the beginning of an annual congress for the Malakisi comrades.

"Although Kisumu has only been opened just over six months, a splendid fighting force has already been won. An example of this is shown in the recruit who has, during and since the 'Win One' Campaign, won fifteen of his workmates and neighbors to Christ.

"Eleven recruits were enrolled by the Territorial Commander at this place during the Salvation meeting, he led, and give good promise for the future.

"Over 770 miles were covered during the Campaign; twenty-two meetings conducted, and 134 seekers won for the Kingdom. To God be all the glory!"

WHERE EVERLASTING SPRING ABIDES

40 YEARS A SOLDIER

Sister Mrs. Jane Hicks has been promoted to Glory from her place in the Niagara Falls I Corps. Our comrade was converted in Chatham over forty years ago, and came to the Falls in 1910. She was confined to her room for many months before the Call came.

During this time she repeatedly gave testimony to the power of God in her life. When nearing the River she requested that her comrades should sing, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me." She expressed the hope



Sister Mrs. Hicks,
Niagara Falls

A LOYAL VETERAN

Wychwood Corps has lost one of its oldest soldiers, Sister Mrs. Hastings. She was a staunch and loyal Salvationist, though of recent years, owing to increasing infirmity, was unable to take an active part in Corps work. Right up to the end she gave a definite testimony that all was well. Her last expressed wish was that her daughter, Sister Mrs. Greenwood, would pray with her.

On Saturday afternoon we laid our comrade to rest. The music was supplied by the Band, of whose music she was very fond. Captain and Mrs. Pilsfry conducted the service at the house, while Staff-Captain Snowden conducted the service at the grave. Sister Mrs. Titmarsh sang one of the promoted Sister's favorite songs, while Sister Mrs. Tranter spoke very feelingly of our comrade's life and influence.

Our prayers and sympathy are with those who have been bereaved by her passing.—G.R.

FOUND READY

The Call has come to one of our comrades, Brother George Waites, of Aurora, a Soldier of some years standing.

He had been in failing health for some time, but the end was unexpected. Our comrade was at work, when he was seized by a stroke, brought home unconscious, and passed away within three days. Thank God he was ready!

The funeral was conducted by the Corps Officers; many paid tribute to the departed comrade both here and at the memorial service on Sunday. The bereaved are especially remembered in our prayers.

A WELL-KNOWN COMRADE

A loyal Salvationist of many years service recently passed to her Reward from Rhodes Avenue Corps (Toronto), in the person of Sister Elizabeth Slested. She was a well-



Sister E. Slested,
Rhodes Ave., Toronto

PREPARED FOR THE CALL

There was called to higher service, on Friday last, another old comrade, who has been a Toronto Temple Soldier for twenty-seven years, Sister Mrs. E. Horn. Our sister was of a quiet, kindly disposition. She had been ailing for a long time. Sister Mrs. Tribbeck and a few kind friends did all that was possible to bring comfort to her and alleviate her sufferings. She testified very definitely that she was prepared for the call Home.

The largely attended funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Larman, on Monday afternoon. Major Kendall was called upon to say a few words, Ensign Jolly offered prayer, and Bandsman Hotchkiss sang an appropriate solo. Field-Major Parsons (R.) assisted Adjutant Larman with the interment service.—D.S.

43 YEARS OF SERVICE

Sister Mrs. Gilson, of Riverdale, was called Home, at the age of eighty-six, after forty-three years of service for her Saviour. The funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Falle, assisted by Field-Majors Higdon and Parsons (R.). The memorial service was led by Major Spooner.

A ZEALOUS SPIRIT

The promotion to Glory of Brother John Whalen marks the passing of another loyal Army Soldier of Earth-court. Only in his fiftieth year, he had devoted twenty-seven years of his life to strenuous soul-saving work, and every Sunday night, when his health permitted his attendance, he would be found urging souls to seek God. (Continued on page 11)

that some one might be brought to the Lord through her life and passing.

In speaking to the Corps Officer, our Sister said, "Ensign, I want you to go for souls at my funeral service, and tell the young people to give their time and talents to the Lord while they are young."

Ensign and Mrs. Knaap conducted the funeral and memorial services, Home League Secretary Mrs. Mills, speaking of the splendid influence of the departed comrade. Captain Smith, from Dunnville, assisted.

Prayed in Fifteen Homes

Enthusiastic Self-Denial Worker Carries Salvation News to Farmhouses

MAISONNEUVE (Captain and Mrs. Lorimer) — Special meetings have been featured at Maisonneuve since the anniversary services in March. A splendid audience was on hand to greet the Point St. Charles Band, in a program with the local Band. For this occasion Major Thompson presided.

While campaigning in the city, Major and Mrs. Kendall kindly consented to spend two days at Maisonneuve. Their services were greatly appreciated and much good was accomplished during their short stay with us. On Easter Sunday, Brigadier and Mrs. Knight were in charge. A splendid number were present for the early march and Knee-drill. On the anniversary of the Founder's birthday, a lantern lecture, dealing

with events and scenes in his life, was given by Major Tutte. Last Sunday four seekers came to the Altar.

Self-Denial is the great topic these days. One comrade, while collecting in the country, offered prayer in fifteen homes.

FOUNDER'S BIRTHDAY

MONTREAL I (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt) — On Saturday the birthday of the Founder was celebrated at Montreal by a lecture by Major Tutte, illustrated by some magnificent lantern views. It portrayed the beginnings of The Army in the early years of struggle and pictures shown in some cases were rare and unusual.

An excellent crowd showed the appreciation of the Founder's splendid life and character. The pathos of the trying days of evil report were shown by the views. The meeting was closed by suitable remarks by Mrs. Adjutant Cubitt, and Colonel Hargrave prayed.

ATTRACTED TO ARMY

WOODBINE (Captain Edmondson, Lieutenant Simester) — A young boy, dressed in his Sunday suit, who stopped to gaze with wonder at the approach of a small procession of musicians, on a recent Sunday, and followed them to a little brick building, listening attentively to the proceedings, was not the only person influenced by the meetings led by the Cadets under Captain Gennery. The meetings made a deep, and, we hope, lasting impression. Woodbine Corps received a spiritual impetus from the visit of the Brigade.

Open-air roused the district; an object lesson was given at the Company meeting.

A number of folk have enquired of late for the address of Woodbine Corps. It is 323 Kingston Road, Toronto. — Eddy.

A CONSISTENT LIFE

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman) — The memorial service, in connection with the promotion to Glory of Sister Mrs. Horn, was conducted on Sunday evening by Major and Mrs. Kendall. A large number of our departed Sister's old comrades of many years standing were present.

Treasurer Robertson, who knew Mrs. Horn from the time of her conversion, spoke of her quiet, Christian character and of her consistent life behind the scenes. Songster-Leader and Mrs. Jacques sang a touching duet.

Adjutant Larman told of the clear and definite testimony of Mrs. Horn, just a few days before she passed away. He spoke of human contacts and stated that his life was enriched by his fellowship with our comrade.

After the Songsters had feelingly rendered, "Oh, Land of Pure Delight," Mrs. Kendall said she first met Sister Horn twenty-one years ago, when stationed with the Major at the Toronto Temple. She told how Sister Horn loved to attend the meetings, that she never missed the 7 a.m. Knee-drill, and that she loved to associate with good people.

No doubt many of those present were deeply impressed and the results of this heart-moving service will be seen in eternity. — David Shankland.

FRUITS OF CAMPAIGN

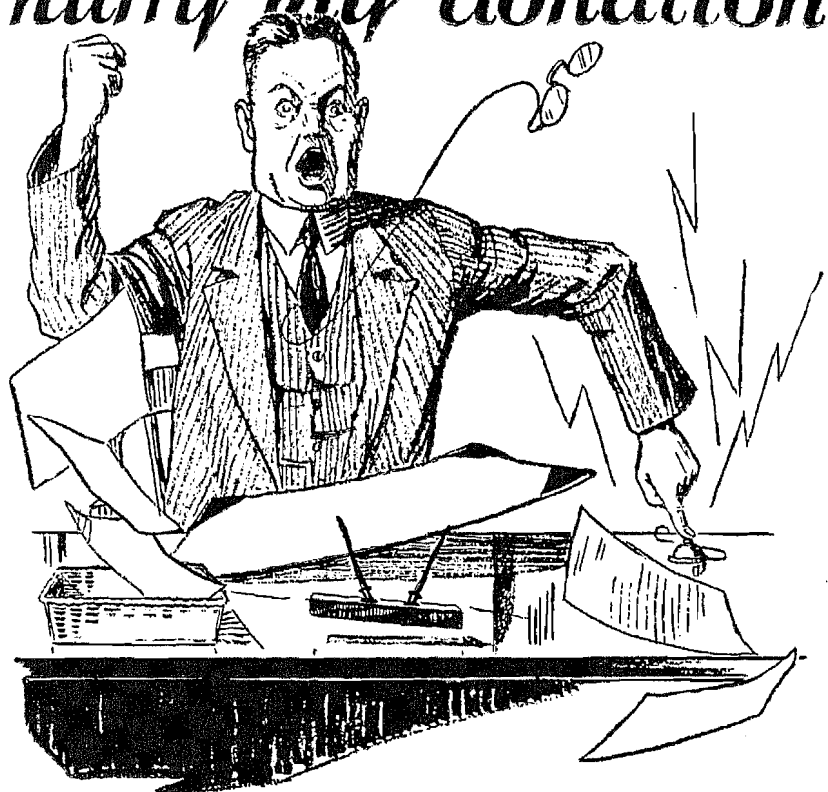
ST. JOHN III (Captain and Mrs. Ritchie) — The last united Holiness meeting was held here, and recruits, representing the fruits of the "Regions Beyond" Campaign, were enrolled by Staff-Captain Riches.

Staff-Captain Harbor paid us a flying visit recently; he taught us a new chorus.

On Easter Sunday the comrades were out bright and early for the 7 a.m. march, after which Knee-drill was held.

On a recent Sunday night our Local Officers were commissioned.

Say! I almost forgot that S.D. - I'd better hurry my donation



47th ANNIVERSARY

STRATHROY (Captain and Mrs. Patterson) — Our 47th anniversary meetings were conducted by Ensign McMillan, of London. Veteran comrades from nearby Corps, came back to visit us for the week-end.

Saturday's meeting was hampered by inclement weather; but on Sunday we had good crowds, and the Holy Spirit was very real to us.

On Monday night we had the Male Octet from London I; a splendid crowd came to hear an excellent program.

UNUSUAL CHARACTER

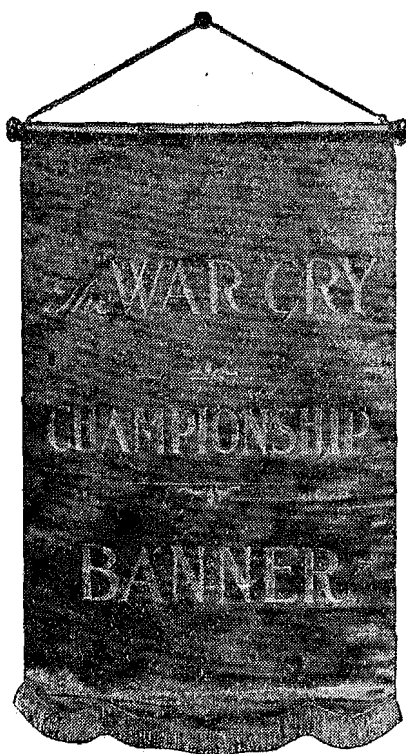
COBALT (Captain and Mrs. Yurgensen) — Our meeting on Monday was of a special character, in that the comrades and Officers from New Liskeard and Haileybury united with us. Our Divisional Commander, Major Owen, conducted the meeting, which was of a bright and happy nature; the message, forceful and convincing, brought enlightenment and blessing to many. — Yurgy.

NEW SOLDIERS

SACKVILLE, N.B. (Captain Dawe, Lieutenant McCallum) — Special Easter services were held last week-end, including a program presented by our Young People.

In the Salvation service we enrolled two new Soldiers.

CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER



The Banner is now held by WIARTON CORPS
Capt. Viola Terry, Lieut. Rose Smith
For the highest increase in
"War Cry" sales proportionate
to the Soldiery, during the
month of March

Territorial Revivalist Conducts Campaign

EARLSCOURT (Ensign and Mrs. Warrander) — Colonel Morehen has just concluded a Ten-day Campaign. With much faith and enthusiasm and the practical support of each branch in the Corps, the Colonel, in his inimitable way, gave of his best in each meeting. The Soldiers and Officers testified of strengthening of faith, renewed consecration and greater compassion for souls.

Outstanding events of the Campaign are the stand taken by two converts, the prayer-meetings previous to the regular services, the visitation, the enthusiastic singing of new choruses and a pathetic note "Pray for a backslider."

During Sunday last the Colonel dedicated the Infant of Bandsman and Mrs. J. Dickson.

A word of appreciation is due Bandmaster A. Austin and Songster-Leader Boys for the splendid support of the musical sections.

On Monday the Colonel gave a lecture, entitled, "Trophies of grace I have met," to a large crowd.

Every section of the Young People's Corps is in very good condition, under the leadership of Sergeant-Major W. Farwell. Captains L. Jennings and G. Robson, Primary-Leader and Guard-Leader respectively, are making remarkable strides in their sections. — A.M.

SELF-DENIAL LAUNCHED

FREDERICTON, N.B. (Commandant and Mrs. Graves) — The Self-Denial Campaign was launched in a mass meeting at the City Hall, under the auspices of The Army and the Churches. Mayor Clarke acted as chairman, and spoke of the Founder and his wonderful life of service. Rev. A. Berry also spoke.

The Baptist Church orchestra aided, as well as the Corps Band, which rendered several selections and accompanied the singing. Mrs. Commandant Graves read the Scripture lesson, and Rev. B. Bates offered the opening prayer.

Commandant Graves delivered a splendid address, and impressed the large crowd with the good work done by The Army.

Rev. M. Holmes closed with prayer. — A.M.B.

NINE NEW SOLDIERS

HALIFAX II (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender) — On Thursday night Commandant Cavender enrolled nine new Soldiers under The Army Flag. The Hall was crowded, and as these comrades took their stand, the Soldiers sang, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." A number of other recruits are to be enrolled in the near future.

On Sunday evening Adjutant Crane and Ensign Luton, of the Grace Hospital, conducted the service. In the prayer-meeting one seeker surrendered and got gloriously saved.

A ZEALOUS SPIRIT

(Continued from page 10)

For the past three years he was in failing health; but not until about ten weeks before he passed away did he cease from active service. During his illness, although suffering severely, he had always a cheery word for those who visited him. To his beloved wife, as he was passing away, he said, "I'm only a sinner saved by grace."

The Citadel was crowded to capacity for the funeral service, conducted by Ensign Warrander. Adjutant Cooper paid tribute to our comrade's faithful life. The memorial service was conducted by Staff-Captain Bunton, who for many years had known our departed comrade. Impressive tributes were paid. Sergeant-Major Churchill of Lippincott, and Young People's Sergeant-Major Farwell, of Earls Court, were among the speakers. Songster Mrs. A. Macfarlane sang, "They shall be comforted." "Promoted to Glory," and "What are these?" were rendered by the Band and Songsters, respectively. One seeker sought the Saviour.

GALT (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins) — The week-end meetings were conducted by Commandant Galway, whose talks were a source of great help and inspiration. His visits to the Young People's meetings were enjoyed by all. — D.D.

BEDFORD PARK (Ensign Russell, Lieutenant Gaylard) — In our Holiness meeting on Sunday morning we had a welcome visitor from Japan. Fine congregations turned out all day.

YOUNG OFFICER CALLED

Captain Lillian Clark Promoted to Glory

Word has been received at Territorial Headquarters of the promotion to Glory of Captain Lillian Clark, from her home, at Owen Sound, on Monday night, April 27th.

The Captain, who was last stationed at Palmerston, Ont., was on sick furlough at the time of her death, and appeared to be making good progress following an operation a few weeks ago. Naturally the news of her sudden passing will come as a great shock to her many friends throughout the Territory.

A report of the funeral service, which is to be held at Owen Sound, will appear in a subsequent issue.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to the loved ones and friends of the promoted Officer.

PRIMARY WORKERS' COUNCIL

The needs of the very little folk—the Primary children—constituted the subject of a meeting at Earls Court Citadel, on Monday, April 27th, conducted by Major Spooner. This was the first of a series of four similar councils.

About forty workers gathered, the meeting being opened by Adjutant Green, the Divisional Young People's Secretary. An instructional talk by the Major dealt with the characteristics of the Primary child and outlined a suggested program of procedure. His advice was very acceptable and will prove of inestimable worth to those who act upon it.

Captain Jennings, of the Young People's Department, followed this with a practical Primary Demonstration.

All Primary workers in Toronto are invited to attend these gatherings, which will take place in Earls Court Citadel on April 4th, 11th and 18th.

Empire Day at Fenelon Falls!

THE PETERBORO BAND

Saturday & Sunday, May 23, 24

Colonel W. R. Dalziel, Chief Secretary, will conduct the Services, assisted by Brigadier and Mrs. Ritchie.

FULL MEANING OF "GO!"

(Continued from page 9)

The Editor of the local paper paid tribute to the wonderful success which had attended the work of The Army throughout the world, and the Rev. Mr. Hie, who, with his Men's Bible Class, had attended the gathering, referred to the wonderful bird's-eye view of The Army's activities which had been given them that afternoon. His remarks were warm and generous. Captain Renshaw had worked hard to make the visit a success.

Captain Jensen and his optimistic Huntsville Soldiers had high hopes of an Open-air meeting and march, but by the time the Commissioner's party had negotiated that 24-mile journey, the rain had turned to sleet, and the wind blew from every quarter of the compass. An immediate prayer-meeting in The Army Hall was the only thing possible.

"We have to get to the Municipal Auditorium some way," said the Captain, when it was time for a mass meeting in that building; "why not march?" So, with the visiting Staff Officers, the brave company set out, the Band doing its best to make the townsfolk know that hail or no hail the mass meeting was "on." Thanks to the hearty co-operation of the Churches a remarkably fine crowd three parts filled the Auditorium.

Mrs. Hay, who for forty years has shared the Commissioner's platform work, and knows so well how to lead the way to the Bible address, spoke interestingly upon a phase of the love of God, which always makes an appeal; Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, Major Owen and Staff-Captain Mundy added their quota, and the Commissioner voiced a powerful call to which the townspeople of Huntsville listened with closest attention. Until nearly ten o'clock praying, pleading, and moving entreaty in song, continued with faithful personal work.

Leaving Huntsville at 9 a.m. on Monday, the Commissioner decided to inspect all Army properties between that town and Barrie. Short stays were made at Bracebridge, Gravenhurst, Orillia and Midland, the Officers being interviewed and

cheered. Self-Denial prospects were discussed and encouragement was dispensed.

Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald, who had spent the week-end at Barrie, had prepared the way for the visit of the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay. The United Church was the location, and the Orillia Corps Band and a number of the comrades, with Commandant and Mrs. White, had motored over to take a share in the joy of the occasion.

Mayor McQuaig, who presided, in introducing the Commissioner, emphasized his appreciation of the work of The Army and the real pleasure it gave him to attend not only in his official capacity but as a citizen.

"The world-wide activities of The Army," the Commissioner declared, was a well-nigh inexhaustible subject. He dwelt at some length upon the beginnings of the work in the land of its inception, after which, by rapid strides, the interested audience was led, in imagination, to the four corners of the earth. It was a veritable study in geography.

National traits and customs, as they affect Salvationists in the preaching of the Gospel and the rendering of service, both spiritual and moral, were skilfully explained, and glory was given to God for the wonders of His grace. Reference was made to the splendid work being done by Canadian Missionary Officers in lands beyond the seas, and in view of the approaching Self-Denial Fund canvass, the friends present were asked to respond as liberally as possible.

The Rev. Mr. Wallace made mention of the good done by the local Salvationists, particularly stressing their manner of proclaiming the message of Salvation upon the streets of the town. The Rev. Mr. Sinclair also added words of appreciation. The Orillia Corps Band played acceptably during the evening.

The party left Barrie for Toronto at the close of the lecture, when one of the disadvantages of the non-uniformity of Daylight-Saving Time was experienced—the clocks registered 12.0 (midnight) ere the city was reached.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY DOWN EAST

(Continued from page 9)

[By Wire]

The Chief Secretary's Four-day Campaign in the Sydney Division has proved a magnificent success. From the opening engagement at the Kiwanis Club luncheon at the Isle Royale Hotel, on Friday, where the Colonel gave an enlightening address on The Army's manifold operations, until the final meeting at Sydney.

The engagements included meetings at North Sydney, New Waterford, Whitney Pier, New Aberdeen, Glace Bay, and Sydney. The Chief Secretary was warmly greeted by splendid crowds at every meeting; in some cases the Halls were taxed beyond capacity.

The Officers' Council as well as the public gatherings were seasons of great spiritual blessing, the Colonel's Bible messages being of a high order. Clear, ringing calls were made to both saved and unsaved, and the Spirit of God was manifestly present in every gathering, resulting in seekers at the Mercy-seat and spiritual help and blessing to all present.

Cape Breton Salvationists will long remember the first visit of the Chief Secretary.

Colonel Dalziel proceeds from here to the Halifax and St. John Divisions, where he is conducting similar strenuous Campaigns.—George Wilson, Staff-Captain.



Brother Whalen, of Earls Court
Reference to whose promotion to Glory appears on page 10

Undesirable Hitch-Hikers—Give them the "Go By"



"The Toronto Weekly Star" artist, Mr. Victor Child, makes his contribution to The Army's Self-Denial Fund by donating the above cartoon to "The War Cry"

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER & MRS. HAY

ST. MARY'S, May 9
SEAFORTH, CLINTON, GODERICH,
Sun May 10

HESPELER, Mon May 11

ESSEX, KINGSTOWN, LEAMINGTON,
Sun May 17

TORONTO TEMPLE, Thurs May 28

(Self-Denial Ingathering)

JARVIS STREET COLLEGIATE (Toronto),
Sun June 7 (Special Selected
Young People's Day)

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY

Windsor, Thurs May 7 (Graduation of
Nurses)

COLONEL DALZIEL (The Chief Secretary)

Fenelon Falls, Sat Sun May 24

Toronto Temple, Tues June 3

Jarvis Street Collegiate (Toronto), Sun
June 7 (Special Selected Young People's Day)

Colonel McAmmond: Hamilton II, Sat

Sun May 10; Brampton, Sun 17;

Colonel Morehen: Picton, Wed May 6;

Belleville, Thurs 7; Kingston, Sat Mon

11; Gananoque, Tues 12; Brockville,

Wed 13; Cornwall, Thurs 14; Verdun,

Sat Mon 18; Lippincott, Sat Sun 24

Lieut.-Colonel Saunders: Toronto

Temple, Sun May 10; Earls Court, Sun

June 14

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Saunders: Earls

Court, Sun May 17

Lieut.-Colonel Sims: Parry Sound, Sat

Sun May 10

Brigadier Bloss: North Toronto, Sun

May 17

Major Owen: Little Current, Sat Sun

May 10; Sudbury, Mon 11; Parry

Sound, Sat Sun 17; North Bay, Sat

Sun 24; New Liskeard, Fri 29

Major Ritchie: East Toronto, Sun May

10; Hamilton II, Sun 17

Major Sparks: Woodbine, Sun May 10

Major Spooner: Brock Avenue, Sat Sun

May 10; Earls Court, Sun 17; Belleville,

Sat Sun 31

Major and Mrs. Tutte: Amherst Park,

Sun May 10

Mrs. Staff-Captain Coles: Earls Court,

Sun May 10 (afternoon)

Staff-Captain Porter: Brantford, May 10

Staff-Captain Snowden: Lippincott, Sun

May 17



THAT SELF-DENIAL TARGET!

NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

ENROLMENT AND SIXTEEN SEEKERS

PILLEY'S ISLE (Ensign and Mrs. Wright) — Easter Sunday was a notable day. The largest number seen for many years took part in the early morning march. An Open-air was held near the home of an aged couple, one sick and the other blind, who were much blessed. In the afternoon an enrolment took place, and at night sixteen seekers knelt at the Cross, making twenty for the week-end. One young man had decided not to attend the meeting that night, but came after all and was converted. Another went away under deep conviction; the spirit of the Lord followed him and he gave his heart to God in his own home.—M.M.

PROOF OF PROGRESS

ST. JOHN'S I (Commandant and Mrs. Abbott)—Easter services began with a combined march of the three city Corps early in the morning, about 150 being in the procession. The services for the day at No. 1 were led by Staff-Captain Bracey, with the Cadets.

In the afternoon service an Enrolment of twelve Senior and one Junior Soldier took place. The Staff-Captain gave a charge to those taking their stand. The night meeting closed with six professing conversion. On the Tuesday night following three others were registered at the Penitent-form.—W.B.F.

FISHING IN TWO PLACES

BURIN (Ensign and Mrs. Jones) — In spite of most of our men being away at the Bank fishery, those of us left at home are hard at it. Easter Sunday had a splendid beginning and a most glorious end. Early in the morning forty-six comrades took part in a march, and sang the praises of Him who has burst the bonds of death. The meetings, all day, were well attended. In the afternoon there was an enrolment of Soldiers, and at night we had the joy of seeing four souls kneeling at the Cross.—B.J.

SEPTUAGENARIAN SAVED

LA SCIE (Captain Piercy)—Our Easter services proved to be of great blessing. At night, one man, seventy-five years old, came forward and sought Salvation. He had been a backslider for quite a while.—R.F.A.

HAPPY KNIGHTS OF THE OPEN ROAD

"Blow" Into Toronto and Are Sent to The Army, Where They Are Given a Bath, a Complete Outfit of Clothing, a Good Dinner, and Then Are Helped on Their Way

K NIGHTS of the Open Road they were. They blew into Toronto on an eastbound freight last Wednesday night. The railroad had evidently neglected them, for when "The War Cry" saw them they were still garnished with travel stains—though these they bore most heroically!

George Turner, nineteen, was the spokesman. Fred Bennet, who will be twenty in a few weeks time, was not nearly so loquacious as his fellow-traveller. A thick shock of unmowed red hair, matted with the accumulated grime of many weeks' journeying to and fro, surmounted his firm and freckled face. Though of reserved disposition, Fred Bennet's stocky figure bespoke latent power!

George's hair was tousled, unruly and brown. He had the blue eyes of the adventurer. Possibly it was men of his restless type who gave England her early maritime fame!

"How far have you come?" we asked.

"From Windsor," the talkative one replied. "We really came from Sydney, N.S. Thought we'd get work at Windsor, but nothin' doin'."

Sent from City Hall

"Try to get over the border?"
"Yep—but they wouldn't have us." There was a note of injury in this. But he brightened up when he observed, "I got over last year, though; 'hitch-hiked' it down to New York."
"How did you get in touch with The Army here?"

"We were in that store across the street, and a man took us to the City Hall. They sent us over here. They said The Army would help us."

"Where do you want to go now?"
"Montreal. We're goin' on the boats. You see, I'm a seaman," and this young man of surprising worldly wisdom and versatility pulled a crumpled certificate from somewhere.

A SOCIAL WEEK-END

BRAMPTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson)—We were visited by Lieut.-Colonel Sims, Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, and Brother Mark Black. The meetings were bright and much blessing was received. In the afternoon Lieut.-Colonel Sims spoke on the Men's Social work of The Army. After the meeting in our Hall we marched to St. Paul's Church where Brother Black gave his life-story, before a large crowd.—W.S.

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS

OTTAWA I (Ensign and Mrs. F. Mundy)—"Seventeen years ago," says Publications-Sergeant J. Mason, "I got a local comrade, thought not a uniform-wearer, to take a Company of little boys, one Sunday afternoon. When I asked him to report progress he said, 'Next time I take that little lot I want them placed about four feet apart from each other!' Well, there has been no 'next time' since, and I had not seen him for three or four years until lately. But there is a big improvement recently, for he has found the power of Salvation, has taken to distributing 'War Crys' among his old-time acquaintances, and has now ordered full uniform."

"Seaman George Turner," it read, sure enough, and gave other credentials, too, in true nautical parlance.

Curiosity aroused, we enquired why he didn't stay with the good ship "Hochelaga" on which, according to the certificate, he had last served.

"I did—until I thought it wouldn't be safe to stay longer. She went down last year. She was a coastal steamer, goin' between Sydney and Montreal. We foundered off Devil's Island. Got ashore in the life-boats." He related this little episode in the most nonchalant fashion, as though shipwrecks were quite ordinary events in his career.

Won't They be Surprised?"

Changing the "tack" of our conversation, "The War Cry" asked the boys how they would like to have their pictures taken.

George glanced at his pal and grinned.

"Come along," he said, giving the silent partner a jerk of the arm, "Let's go 'n get our pitchers taken."

And the coal-dusty couple succumbed to the lure of the photographer falling full prey to his intriguing camera and ultra-violet rays!

"Say, mister, will that come out in the paper?" George queried after the ordeal was over.

"Yes—in 'The War Cry'."

"Oh! Ge-e-e!" The folks get that paper at home. Mother goes to The Army sometimes, and me sister always goes to their Sunday School. Won't they be s'prised to see us in there, eh?"

Having landed the couple safely in the Men's Social office again, "The War Cry" left them with a member of that staff, who at once took the derelicts in tow.

Later on he told "The War Cry" what he had done for them. "We gave them a bath, a complete outfit of clean clothing each, a good dinner, and made arrangements for their transportation to Montreal," he said.



Fred and George, as they appeared when "The War Cry" saw them

In Montreal the young fellows will be able to get in touch with The Army again, where they will find a place to lodge until they can ship aboard some steamer, and sail the wide lakes to their hearts' content.

Some mothers' boys they are. They should not be despised because they are possessed by the wandering fever! There's the making of sturdy citizens in the lads. Their hearts are good; their faces show sincerity; their ambitions are honest. Are they not worth a helping hand, in the great adventure of life?

"MY GOD! I HAVE KILLED HIM"

Conscience-Smitten Runaway Who Attempted Suicide is Handed Over to The Army's Care

EFFECTIVE POLICE COURT WORK IN THE METROPOLIS

L—O.—ran away from his home in Switzerland some months ago. In his impetuosity he never gave a moment of consideration to the fact that he was causing his old father untold grief. Day after day the old man waited for his son's return, and as time sped by, gradually gave up hope of seeing him again.

The runaway made his way to Canada, and settled in Montreal. But prospects were not so rosy in the new land as they had appeared from the other side of the ocean. Try though he might, he could not get steady employment.

That fact in itself was depressing enough; but when he got news one day that his father was dead, he felt the climax had been reached. At once, with a suddenness that stunned him to the heart, he perceived the agony his old Dad in Switzerland must have experienced at the sudden and extended disappearance of his boy. A cutting sense of his thoughtlessness, his ingratitude, swept over him. "My God," he cried, the pain of the thought wringing his soul, "I have killed him!"

This idea so preyed upon his mind that he resolved to do away with himself. His attempt failed, however, for the police caught him and he found himself behind prison bars.

The Judge was most sympathetic when he heard the young man's story, and instead of sentencing him, handed him over to The Army, for he recognized they had a permanent

cure for broken hearts and lives. To-day that young fellow is in a good position, and is making splendid progress. In the necessarily concise language of Commandant Trickey's report, "he is now happy and doing well."

Judges, crown prosecutors and court officials of Montreal have all expressed their thanks to Commandant Trickey, The Army's Men's Police Court representative in the metropolis, for his intervention some time ago in a remarkable case.

A man was arrested on a charge of robbery. He was held in jail without bail for three months. The Army became interested in him, and thought he should have a fair chance to present his side of the story. As he was poor, and could not secure a lawyer, our Officer succeeded in interesting one in the case, and this gentleman kindly took up the defence. Three witnesses were also found, who were able to testify that the accused was in his apartment at the time of the crime, and two ministers spoke his behalf as well. Then, after the other witnesses had "positively identified" him as the guilty individual, he was acquitted.

One may well imagine the wife's gratitude to The Army in the saving of her husband from an almost certain prison term, when perfectly innocent. For it later turned out that he was fully vindicated. A real criminal was found, and made full confession of his guilt.

GIVE TILL THE MASTER STOPS

"Go, break to the needy sweet charity's bread.

For giving is living," the angel said.

"And must I be giving again and again?"

My peevish and pitiless answer ran.

"Oh, no," said the angel, piercing me through,

"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."

—A. B. Rhinow.

People on our Missing List

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

BECKMAN, Harry Julius Vallentin—Born in Sweden, July, 1895; medium height; dark hair; greyish blue eyes. Last known address, Kirkland Lake, Ontario. 18309

BAKER, J. Baden—Age 30; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; light blue eyes; fair complexion; a driller by occupation. Left England about two years ago. Last known address, G. W. Johnstone, Agincourt, R.R. No. 1. Friends in England enquiring. 18256

DUKE, Lawrence P.—Left Platoon, Ont., January 31st, 1931, for Battle Creek, Mich. Has not since been heard of. Is 59 years of age; fair complexion; wore glasses; dark grey overcoat; weight about 160 lbs. 18486

SVENDSEN, Jens—Norwegian; age 27; average height; blonde hair; blue eyes. Last known address, Bucke Lake, Ont. 18391

HUGHES, Andrew—Age 52; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; grey hair; blue eyes; came from Scotland. Last heard of in 1917. Employer at that time was James Stewart, Toronto. Mother anxious for news. 18437

BROWNE, Charles Edward—Born, 1901; height 5 ft. 3 ins.; brown hair and eyes; fair complexion. Pastry cook by occupation. Last heard of in January, 1924, when his address was care of Messrs. Tudhope & Ludgate, No. 1 Camp, Ardberg, Ont. Mother anxious for news. 18433

STEPHENSON, Stephen or Hugh; alias Hugh Appleby—Age 23; height 5 ft. 7 ins.; hair almost black; grey eyes; sallow complexion; occupation, motor engineer. Is well educated and can speak several languages. 18373

SULLIVAN, James—Height 5 ft.; fair grey eyes; fair complexion; last worked in paper mills. Known as "Jim." Wife is enquiring. 18327

NAUTA, J. L.—Carpenter by trade. Lived in Hildland Province, Friesland, Holland, until 1923, when he was supposed to have come to Canada. 18460

(Continued at foot of column 4)

Exploits of the Peppergisers



A TIMMINS Peppergiser, none other than Captain Donald Ford, sends us the above "snap" in order (to quote him) "to give you some idea of what 'War Cry' selling is like in this north country."

"The picture was taken on April

1st, on one of our main roads." The reproduction hardly does justice to the original, which shows huge sandbanks on the side of the road.

But our "Peppers" never know defeat, and a snowbank or two mean nothing to their indomitable spirits. No wonder this Corps sold no fewer than 1,000 Easter "War Crys."

And now the sun is beginning to get into

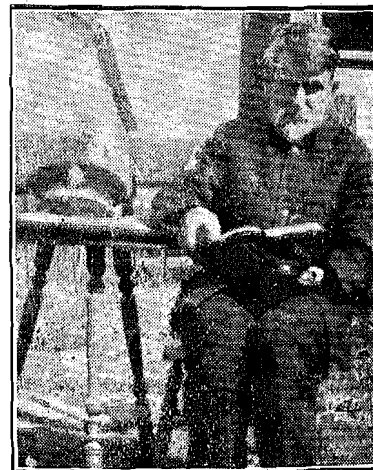
proper working order, Captain; the snow will have vanished by now (we dare prophesy), and everything in the garden will be lovely.

And here's Brother Crombie, of Todmorden, a Toronto veteran. What has he done? Hear what the Corps Officer, Ensign Tidman, says about him:

"I am enclosing a 'snap' of 'War Cry' Sergeant Crombie, better known as Dad Crombie. I thought it might encourage some of our young folk to become heralds, if they knew that Dad is seventy-eight years of age and sells seventy copies of 'The War Cry,' having customers for many, and disposing of the remainder among casual buyers."

"I might also add that the veteran never misses an Open-air meeting, if he can help it. His 'War Cry' selling is not something new; he has done this for the past six years."

There's a real Peppergiser for you—seventy-eight years of age and sells seventy copies. Another eight



Brother Crombie, Todmorden

and he would sell one copy for every year he has lived.

A good idea there! What if everybody sold as many copies of the 'Cry' as their age! How the sales would soar upward. What about it?

In the meantime, the great question is: Which Corps will win the Championship Banner for the highest proportionate increase during the month of April. We shall know next week. Will it be a large or a small Corps? Wait and see!

But the claims of this special Self-Denial issue again control our space allowance and we must hold over further exploits until next week.

In the meantime, keep peppering along!

(Continued from column 2)

WELSH, Michael—Age 33 years; came to Canada from St. Vincent's Convent, Mill Hill, Hendon. Born in 1898; brown hair and hazel eyes. Aunt is very anxious to get in touch with him. 18464

WINTER, George—Born, 1893. Between 5 ft. 5 ins. or 5 ft. 10 ins.; fair hair; bluish grey eyes; fresh complexion; laborer by occupation. Came to Toronto in March, 1924, and was last heard of in March, 1929, when he was at Lumber Camp No. 4, Fakesley, Ont. 18434

LANG, August—German; Age 35; occupation, farm work. Missing since 1914. Last known address, care of Errol Jellis, Farm Hill, Nestleton, Ont.

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'NEATH THE WEEPING WILLOWS

A Drama of Devotion and Fortitude which Strangely Stirred the Wondering Koreans

"HOW IS IT THAT THESE WOMEN ARE WILLING TO DIE FOR US?"

A LITTLE picture of a town, typical of the Land of Morning Calm, tucked away in a fold of the Korean landscape, the quaint houses hidden still more among groves of mulberry trees and weeping willows—a pretty picture of a Korean town; but smelly and diseased, stirred by suffering stoically endured—e'en fatefully regarded—was T—.

Tossed from alley to alley beneath the shadows of the thronging trees under the pall of the pressing heat, ignoring the decaying filth, came and went a story which seemed altogether unbelievable.

Yet, even while the battledore of incredulity buffeted the persistent shuttlecock of rumor, so that it ranged far and wide, some winsome quality of compulsion caused the story to leave an influence of conviction wherever it chanced to alight.

Came a day when the truth was everywhere accepted in the huddled homes guarded by the weeping willows of T—, and the women-folk marvelled at the wonder of it. The grave-visaged male denizens nodded sagely; they knew it was true, but why, or how it should be possible, evaded their accumulated powers of mental penetration. If all the men, together, failed to arrive at any feasible explanation, how could one amongst them hope to elucidate the pathetic mystery?

Still, here and there an individual outran his neighbors in the realm of thought and a degree of understanding of the situation developed—understanding of the Captain, her mission, her selfless devotion to a new and noble ideal.

Merciful, like unto Him of whom she spoke—and her language was eloquent, even in the Korean tongue, for the examiner at the University had said, "I have never known anyone to learn this language so quickly and so well"—full of mercy, in her actions as well as in her words, she went about teaching the women. She was seemingly, never too weary to make

her way into another home, to bear the mingled odors of the open sewers, and the heated effluvia of the houses, to answer the perfect babel of questions which flooded about her. She nursed the sick; she sought to establish more wholesome conditions.

Just as she had got the interest of the people everywhere the Captain contracted typhoid from a child for whom she had been caring. They hurried her to a hospital some little distance away; but, despite anxious and skilful medical attention, she sank steadily and—passed away.

"How wonderful!" said the men to the men of T—; and the women, weeping in the shade of the willow trees, repeated the exclamation of the men.

F—, one of two Officers remaining, found the language more difficult than it had been to the Captain. She could not speak with freedom, no, not by any means. And yet the burden of Chosen's darkness lay heavily on her heart. But it was a grosser gloom which enslaved the spirits of the people and the little Lieutenant determined that, God helping her, she would deal with the matter spiritually. So she rose very

early every day to pray for the Salvation of the Koreans. And then, before she had acquired the use of their language, to be able to speak to the people, she was called to give up life itself.

"Oh, she was beautiful!" said the people, marvelling mightily. "How is it that these women from another land should be willing to give even their lives for Korea?" Then it was found that they had been watching her movements, reading the expressions of her face, noting every tiny detail of her daily living in their sight, comprehending the universal language of sympathy and purity of intention. By this interpretation Lieutenant F— had spoken eloquently to those she had hoped to

win from darkness for her Lord."

Left alone, the third of the little group of Officers who had so joyously undertaken their part in the Salvation of Korea, stood by the grave of the Lieutenant, while the crowd looked wonderingly on. She recalled the sad day upon which the Captain had left this world, and how the two remaining had pledged themselves to do the work of three. Now she raised her face towards the skies and prayed aloud, solemnly, grandly:

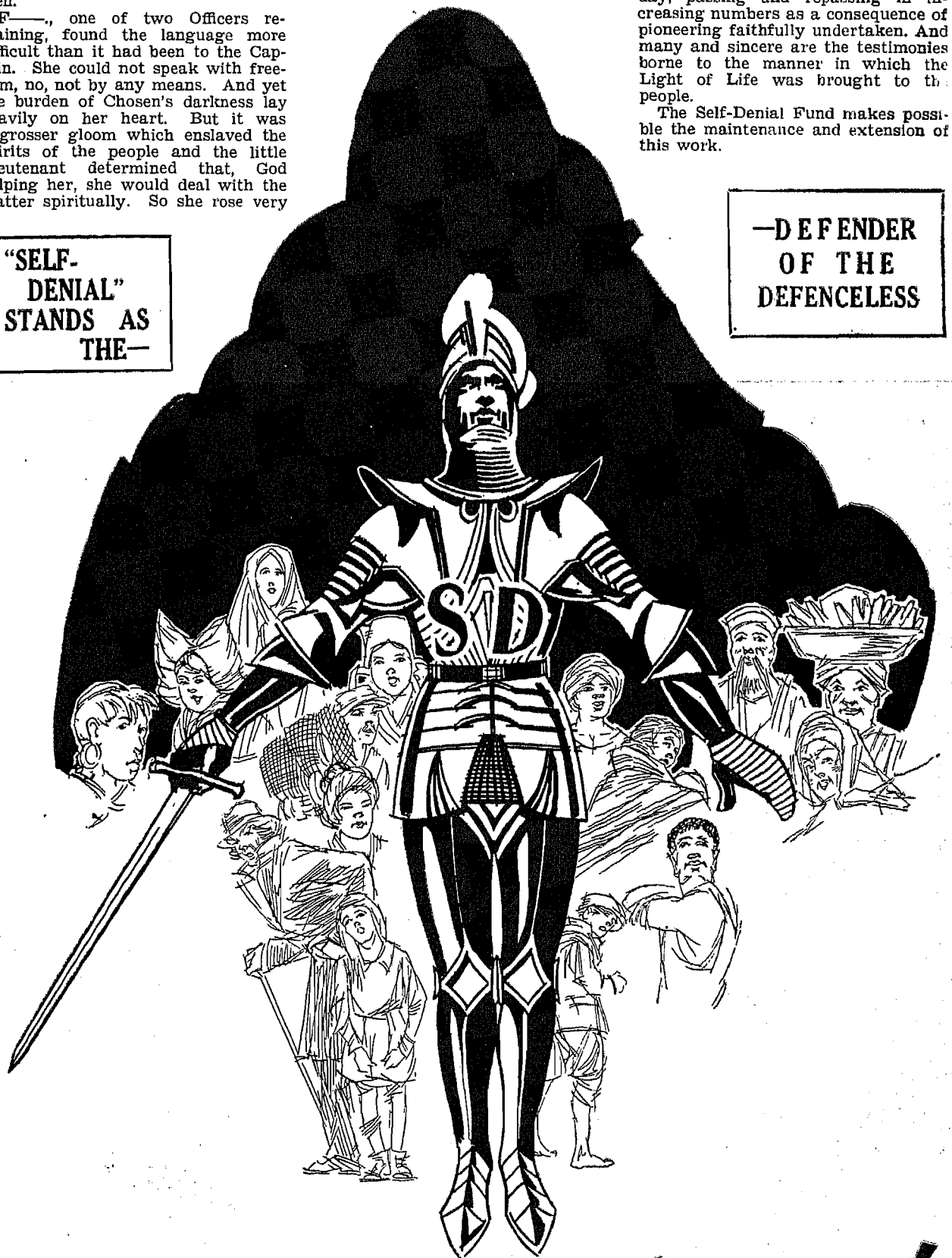
"Lord, it has pleased Thee to promote my comrades. With Thy help, so far as in me lies, I will do their work and my own."

Every place where the feet of those noble women trod, in Korea's darksome byways, finds Salvationists today, passing and repassing in increasing numbers as a consequence of pioneering faithfully undertaken. And many and sincere are the testimonies borne to the manner in which the Light of Life was brought to the people.

The Self-Denial Fund makes possible the maintenance and extension of this work.

"SELF-DENIAL" STANDS AS THE—

—DEFENDER OF THE DEFENCELESS



"NOW I KNOW IT"

Cadets' Visitation Experiences

It was our first visiting day in Mount Dennis district (writes Cadet Sutherland), and we were naturally very curious to know how the people would receive us.

In one home the mother, alone with her two little children, five and eight years of age, was in a quandary. Her elder laddie, a delicate child at best, was quite ill with the "flu," and circumstances made it necessary for her to go out for a short time. What was she to do? She could think of nobody who could stay with her little sick one. Then the gentle yet firm raps at her front door of two Army Cadets. She was most grateful for our offer to mind the little ones for her.

"Well," she said, "I always thought The Army was doing a good work, but now I know it." With that she went.

While she was gone we read a simple child's story out of the Bible to the little one, who listened eagerly.

If this had been the only home where we were able to be of some help we should have considered the afternoon well spent, but we had the privilege of entering four other homes, including that of a dear Scots lady. We read her that grand old Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd." As she tightly clasped my hand, she exclaimed, "If there was only more of this kind of work being done how much better the world would be."

Keeps them from distress!

“He dug his own grave!”

“There’s not the ghost of a chance,” pronounced the Doctor—But he reckoned without the gracious Power of God

Doctor Brown was not slow to express his lack of faith.

“You might cast a sort of religious spell over them,” he parleyed, “but as to getting permanent cures in the most advanced cases, I’ve yet to see it! It’s neither psychologically nor physically possible.”

“Let me tell you the story of the young French-Canadian fellow I helped, over three years ago,” suggested the Salvationist.

“Go ahead.”

“We called him Leo. When I got him he was unconscious. He had been drugging himself with morphine for three years. Bought the ‘snow’ in decks, \$3 each, from the regular pedlars, as a rule. What an infernal trade, it is doctor!”

“I would to God we could do away with it.”

“Well, the last shot Leo ever took was a ‘whopper.’ He got the little white tablets that time, put them in a spoon and held them over the fire until they were cooked. Then he filled his needle and in no time was senseless. The shock was too much for his already weakened system.”

“I’d like to know how these addicts get started in the habit,” the doctor interrupted. “There are actually hundreds of them in our cities and towns.”

“I’ll tell you how Leo commenced. He was rather a wild young rascal, and one day, after a drunken spree, he complained of a terrific headache. A dope-pedlar heard him, and suggested that a shot of morphine would make him a new man. That was the initial step. It made him a ‘new’ man all right, but not exactly in the sense that he expected. Of course he tried to fight off the craving at first. But he failed.”

“Let’s hear the rest of the story; how did you effect the cure?”

“I took Leo, still unconscious, to one of our Hostels and put him in a hot bath. I worked over him from ten o’clock that night until one in the morning. He was like a wet rag when I took him out and put him in bed; but he was conscious and his mind was decidedly clearer.

“Of course,” the Captain explained, “anyone could perform that part of the cure. The most important step was the next one. Leo was given a Bible to read; we explained the way of Salvation to him; we told him that God’s power could break the dope habit, on condition that he surrendered his will fully to Him, and centred his hopes upon God.”

“As you might expect, it was a terrible struggle. The poor fellow went through positive hells of agony. We prayed with him, and he prayed for himself. More than once an awful appetite filled his whole being, until he would walk up and down his room like a caged beast. The climax came. By God’s grace he conquered, doctor. Had it not been for prayer and faith he would have rushed in his frenzy for the drug.”

“Then slowly, the attacks abated in fury. His face gradually lost its pallid hue; he began to take on flesh;

IF YOU KNOW OF A
DOPE VICTIM, PLEASE
PASS THIS AMAZING
STORY ON AT ONCE

he got better control of his nerves; his eyes lost that strange stare common to the drug addict. At last he left us, and went down to his home in Quebec.”

“Remarkable, remarkable, indeed,” the doctor ejaculated, after a long pause. “But in reality that could not be passed as a permanent cure. Do you know where he is now?”

“Listen, while I finish the story.” The Captain leaned forward in his chair. “Yesterday I was going down the street and I met a tall, finely-dressed young fellow. I noticed that he looked at me rather sharply, and when I got near he called out:

“‘Hello Captain, do you remember me?’

“I confess that for the moment I could not place him, so greatly altered was he in appearance.

“‘I’m Leo,’ he cried. ‘Don’t you recall that hot bath you gave me one night in the old Hostel?’

“‘Did I remember? Say, doctor, I came near to having a Hallelujah dance right there on the sidewalk! He told me that he hadn’t touched the morphine since that bath. He’s living a few miles east of Montreal now, with his wife and as bonny a little kiddie as you’d wish to lay eyes on.’

Doctor Brown rose and stretched out his hand to the Captain. “It’s strange. I confess I don’t fully understand it,” he said. “But I don’t doubt it, Captain, and I’d give my right arm to possess that Power!”

“THERE’S not the ghost of a chance for the confirmed drug addict.” Dr. Brown was decidedly emphatic on this point, and attempted thoroughly to discredit The Army’s claim that there was hope, even for the most depraved.

“In the earlier stages,” he explained, “we can do something with them—wean them from it as a mother weans her child. But when the stuff has got into their blood and set up the beastly craving that destroys their physical and moral fibre—well, then the thing simply has to take its deadly course.”

Rather to the doctor’s astonishment, The Army Captain agreed with him. Human power was totally ineffective, he admitted, and a dope fiend virtually dug his own grave, for he sacrificed his will, the only human lever capable of lifting him from its dread abyss. “But,” the Captain added, “whilst all this is true, there is a Power, the Power of God unto Salvation, and it can accomplish the humanly impossible. I have seen it done!”

Do You Value Mother?

“It’s awful lonesome at our house
‘Thout mother;
It’s just as quiet as a mouse
‘Thout mother.
An’ father looks so lonely there
Of evenin’s sittin’ in his chair;
It just ain’t cheerful anywhere
‘Thout mother.

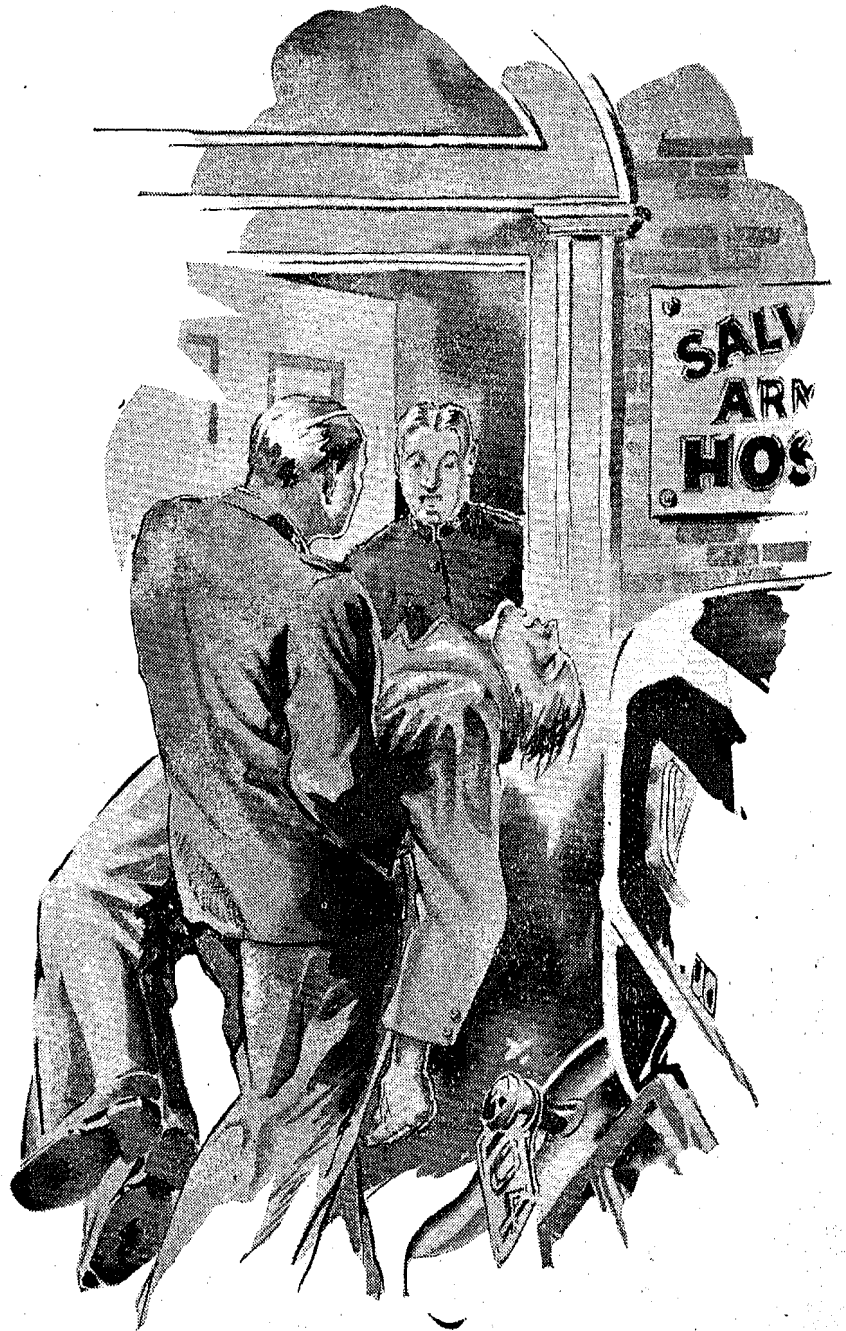
“It’s awful hard to get along
‘Thout mother;
It seems that everything goes wrong
‘Thout mother.
‘Course, father does the best he can;
But then, you know, he’s just a man,
An’ don’t know how to fix an’ plan
Like mother.

“Seems like I don’t enjoy my play
‘Thout mother.
Things just get worse every day
‘Thout mother!
There’s no one now to mend my doll,
Nobody’s sorry when I fall—
Oh, home, just ain’t no place at all
‘Thout mother.

“But father says we must be brave
‘Thout mother;
‘Cause him an’ me, we only have
One ‘mother.
An’ if we’re brave, an’ strong, an’
true,
An’ good, just like she told us to,
We’ll go up home, when life is
through,
To mother.”

Mother’s Day will be celebrated on May 10th. If your Mother has been spared to you—

DON’T MISS THE MAIL HOME!



“I took Leo, still unconscious, to one of our Hostels”